

THE  
L I F E  
OF  
Baron Frederic Trenck.

---

VOL. II.





THE  
L I F E  
OF  
Baron Frederic Trensk;

CONTAINING  
HIS ADVENTURES;  
MIS CRUEL AND EXCESSIVE SUFFERINGS, DURING TEN  
YEARS IMPRISONMENT, AT THE FORTRESS OF  
MAGDEBURG, BY COMMAND OF THE LATE  
K I N G O F P R U S S I A;

A L S O,  
A N E C D O T E S,  
HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL.

---

Translated from the German,  
BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

---

COMPLETE IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

---

L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, IN PATER-  
NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCXCV.



THE  
L I F E  
• •  
BARON TRENCK.

---

SCARCELY were my working utensils, paper, candles, and money properly secured, before the doors resounded; the floor was covered with sand and sand bags; my hand-cuffs, however, and the separating bar, I had hastily resumed, that they might suppose I had worked with them on, which they were silly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage.

No man was more busy on this occasion than the brutal and stupid Bruckhausen, who put many interrogatories, to which I made no reply, except assuring him that I should have completed my work some days sooner, had it not been his good fortune to fall sick, and that this only had been the cause of my failure.



The man was absolutely terrified with apprehension : he began to fear me, grew more polite, and even supposed nothing was impossible to me.

It was too late to remove the sand ; therefore, the lieutenant and guard continued with me, so that this night, at least, I did not want company. When the morning came, the hole was first filled and walled up ; the planking was renewed. The tyrant Borck was ill, and could not come, otherwise my treatment would have been still more lamentable. The smiths had ended before the evening, and the irons were heavier than ever. The foot chains instead of being fastened as before, were screwed and rivetted ; all things else remained as formerly. They were employed in the flooring till the next day, so that I could not sleep, and at last I sank down with weariness.

The greatest of my misfortunes was, they again deprived me of my bed, because I had cut it up for sand bags. Before the  
doors

doors were barred, Bruckhausen, and another major, examined my body very narrowly. They often had asked me, where I concealed all my implements? My answer was, "Gentlemen, Beelzebub is my best  
 " and most intimate friend; he brings me  
 " every thing I want, supplies me with  
 " light, we play whole nights at piquet,  
 " and, guard me as you please, he will  
 " finally deliver me out of your power."

Some were astonished, others laughed. At length, as they were barring the last door, I called, "Come back, gentlemen!  
 " you have forgotten something of great  
 " importance." In the interim I had taken up one of my hidden files. When they returned; "Look ye, gentlemen," said I,  
 " here is a proof of the friendship Beelzebub has for me: he has brought me this in  
 " a twinkling." Again they examined, and again they shut their doors. While they were so doing, I took out a knife, and ten louis-d'ors, called, and they returned grumbling curses: I then shewed them the knife and the louis-d'ors. Their consternation

was excessive ; and I diverted my misfortunes, by jesting at such blundering, short-sighted keepers. It was soon rumoured through Magdeburg, especially among the simple and the vulgar, that I was a magician, to whom the devil brought all I asked.

One Major Holtzkammer, a very selfish man, profited by this report. A foolish citizen had offered him fifty dollars, if he might only be permitted to see me through the door, being very desirous to have a peep at a wizard. Holtzkammer told me, and we jointly determined to sport with his credulity. The major gave me a mask, with a monstrous nose, which I put on when the doors were opening, and threw myself into an heriöc attitude. The affrighted burger drew back ; but Holtzkammer stopped him, and said, Have patience but for one quarter of an hour, and you shall see he will assume quite a different countenance. The Burger waited, my mask was thrown by, and my face appeared whitened with chalk, and made ghastly. The  
Burger

Burger again shrank back ; Holtzkammer kept him in conversation, and I assumed a third farcical form. I tied my hair under my nose, and a pewter dish to my breast, and, when the door a third time opened, I thundered, “ Begone, rascals, or I’ll set “ your necks awry !” They both ran, and the silly Burger, eased of his fifty dollars, scampered first.

The major in vain laid his injunctions on the Burger, never to reveal what he had beheld, it being a breach of duty in him to admit any person whatever to the sight of me. In a few days, the necromancer Trenck, was the theme of every ale-house in Magdeburg, and the person was named who had seen me change my form thrice in the space of one hour. Many false and ridiculous circumstances were added, and at last the story reached the governor’s ears. The citizen was cited, and offered to take his oath to the truth of what himself and the major had seen. Holtzkammer, accordingly suffered a severe reprimand, and was some days put under arrest. We frequently



laughed, however, at this adventure, which had rendered me so much the subject of conversation. Miraculous reports were the more easily credited, because no one could comprehend how, in despite of the load of irons I carried, and all the vigilance of my guards, I should be continually able to make new attempts, while those appointed to examine my dungeon seemed, as it were, blinded and bewildered. A proof this, how easy it is to deceive the credulous, and whence have originated witchcraft, prophecies, and miracles.

My last undertaking had employed me more than twelve months, and so weakened me, that I appeared little better than a skeleton. Notwithstanding the greatness of my spirit, I should have sunk into despondency at seeing an end like this to all my labours, had I not still cherished a secret hope of escaping, founded on the friends I had gained among the officers.

I soon felt the effects of the loss of my bed, and was a second time attacked by a violent fever, which would this time  
cer-

certainly have consumed me, had not the officers, unknown to the governor, treated me with all possible compassion. Bruckhausen alone continued my enemy, and the slave of his orders : on his day of examination, rules and commands in all their rigour were observed, nor durst I free myself from my irons, till I had for some weeks remarked those parts on which he invariably fixed his attention. I then cut through the link, and closed up the vacancy with bread. My hands I could always draw out, especially after illness had consumed the flesh off my bones. Half a year had elapsed before I had recovered sufficient strength to undertake, anew, labours like the past.

Necessity, at length taught me the means of driving Bruckhausen from my dungeon, and of inducing him to commit his office to another. I learnt his olfactory nerves were somewhat delicate, and, whenever I heard the doors unbar, I took care to make a stir in my night-table. This made him give back, and at length he would come no farther than the door.

Such are the hard expedients of a poor, unhappy prisoner !

One day he came bloated with pride, just after a courier had brought the news of victory, and spoke of the Austrians, and the august person of the Empress-Queen with so much virulence, that at last, enraged almost to madness, I snatched the sword of an officer from its sheath, and should certainly have ended him, had he not made a hasty retreat. From that day forward he durst no more come without guards to examine the dungeon. Two men always preceded him, with their bayonets fixed and their pieces presented, behind whom he stood at the door. This was another fortunate incident, as I dreaded only his examination.

The following anecdote will afford a specimen of this man's understanding. While digging in the earth, I found a cannon ball, and laid it in the middle of my prison. When he came to examine—  
 “ What, in the name of God, is that ? ”  
 said he. “ It is a part of the ammunition,”  
 answer-

answered I, “ that my Familiar brings  
 “ me. The cannon will be here anon, and  
 “ you will then see fine sport !” He was  
 astonished, told this to others, nor could  
 conceive such a ball might by any natural  
 means enter my prison.

I wrote a satire on him, when the late  
 Landgrave of Hesse Cassel was governor of  
 Magdeburg; and I had permission to write,  
 as will hereafter appear; the Landgrave  
 gave it to him to read himself; and so gross  
 was his conception, that though his own  
 phraseology was introduced, part of his  
 history, and his character painted, yet  
 he did not perceive the jest, but laughed  
 heartily with the hearers. The Landgrave  
 was highly diverted, and, after I obtained  
 my freedom, restored me the manuscript,  
 written in my own blood.

About the time that my last attempt at  
 escaping failed, General Krusemarck came  
 to my prison, whom I had formerly lived  
 with in habits of intimacy, when cornet of  
 the body guard. Without testifying friend-  
 ship, esteem, or compassion, he asked,



among other things, in an authoritative tone, how I could employ my time to prevent tediousness. I answered, in as haughty a mood as he interrogated; for never could misfortune bend my mind. I told him, " I always could find sources of entertainment in my own thoughts, and that, as for my dreams, I imagined they would, at least, be as peaceful and pleasant as those of my oppressors."—" Had you, in time," replied he, " curbed this fervour of yours, had you asked pardon of the king, perhaps you would have been in very different circumstances; but he who has committed an offence in which he obstinately persists, endeavouring only to obtain freedom by seducing men from their duty, deserves no better fate."

Justly was my anger roused !---" Sir," answered I, " you are a general of the King of Prussia, I am an Austrian captain.---My royal mistress will protect, perhaps deliver me, or at least revenge my death. I have a conscience void of

" re-

“ reproach. You, yourself, well know  
 “ I have not deserved these chains. I  
 “ place my hope in time, and the justness  
 “ of my cause, calumniated and condem-  
 “ ned, as I have been, without legal sen-  
 “ tence or hearing. In such a situation  
 “ the philosopher will always be able to  
 “ brave and despise the tyrant.”

He departed with threats, and his last  
 words were---“ The bird shall soon be  
 “ taught to sing another tune.”---The  
 effects of this courteous visit were soon felt.  
 An order came that I should be prevented  
 sleeping, and that the centinels should call,  
 and wake me, every quarter of an hour;  
 which dreadful order was immediately exe-  
 cuted.

This was indeed a punishment intolerable  
 to nature! Yet did custom at length, teach  
 me to answer in my sleep. Four years did  
 this unheard-of cruelty continue! The  
 noble Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, at length  
 put an end to it, a year before I was releas-  
 ed from my dungeon, and once again, in  
 mercy, suffered me to sleep in peace.

Under this new affliction I wrote an Elegy, which may be found in the second volume of my works; a few lines of which I shall cite.

Wake me, ye guards; for hark! the quarter strikes!  
Sport with my woes, laugh loud at my miseries!  
Hearken if you hear my chains clank! Knock! Beat!  
Of an inexorable tyrant be ye  
Th' inexorable instruments! Wake me, ye slaves:  
Ye do but as you're bade. Soon shall he lie  
Sleepless, or, dreaming, the spectres of conscience  
Behold and shriek, who me deprives of rest.

Wake me! again the quarter strikes! Call loud!  
Rip up all my bleeding wounds, and shrink not!  
Yet, think, 'tis I that answer, God that hears!  
To every wretch in chains sleep is permitted:  
I, I alone, am robb'd of this last refuge  
Of sinking nature! Hark! Again they thunder!  
Again they iterate yells of Trenck and death!

Peace to thy anger, peace, thou suffering heart!  
Nor indignant beat, adding tenfold pangs to pain.

Ye burthened limbs, arise from momentary  
Slumbers! Shake your chains! Murmur not, but rise!  
And ye! Watch-dogs of Power! let loose your rage:  
Fear not, for I am helpless, unprotected.  
And, yet, not so—The noble mind within  
Itself, resources finds innumerable.  
Thou, O God, thought'st good me t' imprison thus;  
Thou, O God, in thy good time, wilt me deliver.

Wake me then, nor fear! My soul slumbers not.  
And who can say but those who fetter me

May, ere to-morrow, groan themselves in fetters ?  
 Wake me ! for lo ! their sleep's less sweet than mine.  
 Call ! Call ! From night to morn, from twilight to dawn  
 Incessant ! Yea, in God's name, Call ! Call ! Call !  
 Amen ! Amen ! Thy will, O God, be done !  
 Yet surely thou at length shalt hear my sighs !  
 Shalt burst my prison doors ! Shalt shew me fair  
 Creation ! Yea the very heav'n of heav'ns.

With whom these orders originated, un-  
 exampled in the history even of tyran-  
 ny, I shall not venture to say. The major,  
 who was my friend, advised me to persist in  
 not answering. I followed his advice, and  
 it produced this good effect that we mutu-  
 ally forced each other to a capitulation ;  
 they restored me my bed, and I was oblig-  
 ed to reply.

Immediately after this regulation, the  
 sub-governor, General Borck, my bitter  
 enemy, became insane, was dispossessed of  
 his post, and Lieutenant-colonel Reichmann,  
 the benevolent friend of humanity, was  
 made sub-governor.

About the same time the court fled from  
 Berlin, and the Queen, the Prince of Prus-  
 sia, the Princess Amelia, and the Mar-  
 grave Henry, chose Magdeburg for their  
 residence.



residence. Bruckhausen grew more polite, probably, perceiving I was not wholly deserted, and that it was yet possible I might obtain my freedom. The cruel are usually cowards, and there is reason to suppose Bruckhausen was actuated by his fears to treat me with greater respect.

The worthy new governor had not indeed the power to lighten my chains, or alter the general regulations : what he could he did. If he did not command, he connived at the doors being occasionally, at first, and, at length, daily kept open some hours, to admit day light and fresh air. After a time they were open the whole day, and only closed by the officers when they returned from their visit to Walrabe.

Having light, I began to carve with a nail on a pewter cup in which I drank, satirical verses and various figures, and attained so much perfection that my cups, at last were considered as master-pieces, both of engraving and invention, and were sold dear as rare curiosities. My first attempts were rude, as may well be imagined.

My

My cup was carried to town, and shewn to visitors by the governor, who sent me another. I improved, and each of the inspecting officers wished to possess one. I grew more expert, and spent a whole year in this employment, which thus passed swiftly away. The perfection I had now acquired obtained me the permission of candle light, and this continued till I was restored to freedom.

The King gave orders these cups should all be inspected by government, because I wished by my verses and devices, to inform the world of my fate. But this command was not obeyed; the officers made merchandise of my cups, and sold them at last for twelve ducats each. Their value increased so much, when I was released from prison, that they are now to be found in various Museums throughout Europe. Twelve years ago the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel presented one of them to my wife, and another came, in a very unaccountable manner, from the Queen Dowager of Prussia to Paris. I have given prints

of both these with the verses they contained, in my works; whence it may be seen how artificially they were engraved.

A third fell into the hands of Prince Augustus Lobkowitz, then a prisoner of war at Magdeburg, who, on his return to Vienna, presented it to the Emperor, who placed it in his Museum. Among other devices on this cup was a landscape, representing a vineyard and husbandmen, and under it the following words: *By my labours my vineyard flourished, and I hoped to have gathered the fruit; but Abab came. Alas ! for Naboth.*

The allusion was so pointed, both to the wrongs done me in Vienna and my sufferings in Prussia, that it made a very strong impression on the Empress Queen, who immediately commanded her minister to make every exertion for my deliverance. She would, probably, at last, have even restored me to my estates, had not the possessors of them been so powerful, or, had she herself lived one year longer. To these my engraved cups was I indebted for being  
once

once more remembered at Vienna. On the same cup also was another engraving of a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inscription : *The bird sings even in the storm ; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his songs shall be the delight of your abodes !*

There is another remarkable circumstance attending these cups. All were forbidden, under pain of death, to hold conversation with me, or to supply me with pen and ink ; yet, by this open permission of writing what I pleased on pewter, was I enabled to inform the world of all I wished, and to prove a man of merit was oppressed. The difficulties of this engraving will be conceived when it is remembered that I worked by candle-light on shining pewter, attained the art of giving light and shade, and, by practice, could divide a cup into two-and-thirty compartments, as regularly with a stroke of the hand as with a pair of compasses. The writing was so minute, that it could be only read with glasses. I could use but one hand, both be-  
ing



ing separated by the bar, and therefore held the cup between my knees. My sole instrument was a sharpened nail, yet did I write two lines on the rim only.

My labour became so excessive, that I was in danger of distraction or blindness. Every body wished for cups, and I wished to oblige every body, so that I worked eighteen hours a day. The reflection of the light from the pewter was injurious to my eyes, and the labour of invention for apposite subjects and verses was most fatiguing. I had learned only architectural drawing.

Enough of these cups, which procured me so much honour, so many advantages, and helped to shorten so many mournful hours. My greatest incumbrance was the huge iron collar, with its enormous appendages, which, when suffered to press the arteries in the back of my neck, occasioned intolerable head-achs. I sat too much, and a third time fell sick. A Brunswick sausage, secretly given me by a friend, occasioned an indigestion, which endangered my life ;  
a putrid

a putrid fever followed, and my body was reduced to a skeleton. Medicines however were conveyed to me by the officers, and, now and then, warm food.

After my recovery I again thought it necessary to endeavour to regain my liberty. I had but forty louis d'ors remaining, and these I could not get till I had first broken up the flooring.

Lieutenant Sonntag was consumptive, and obtained his discharge. I supplied him with money to defray the expences of his journey, and with an order that four hundred florins should be annually paid him from my effects, till his death or my release. I commissioned him to seek an audience from the Empress, endeavour to excite her compassion in my behalf, and to remit me four thousand florins, for which I gave a proper acquittance, by the way of Hamburg. The money-draft was addressed to my administrators, counsellors Kempf and Huttner.

But no one, alas, in Vienna wished my return they had already begun to share my property,

property, of which they never rendered me an account. Poor Sonntag was arrested as a spy, imprisoned, ill-treated for some weeks, and, at last, when naked and destitute, received a hundred florins, and was escorted beyond the Austrian confines. The worthy man fell a shameful sacrifice to his honesty, could never obtain an audience of the Empress, and returned poor and miserable, on foot to Berlin, where he was twelve months secretly maintained by his brother, and with whom he died. He wrote an account of all this to the good Knoblauch, my Hamburg agent, and I, from my small store, sent him a hundred ducats.

How much must I despair of finding any place of refuge on earth, hearing accounts like these from Vienna!

A friend, whom I will never name, by the aid of one of the lieutenants, secretly visited me, and supplied me with six hundred ducats. The same friend, in the year 1763, paid four thousand florins to the imperial envoy, Baron Reidt, at Berlin, for the

the furthering of my freedom, as I shall presently more fully shew. Thus I had once more money.

About this time the French army advanced to within five miles of Magdeburg. This important fortress was at that time the key of the whole Prussian power. It required a garrison of sixteen thousand men, and contained not more than fifteen hundred. The French might have marched in unopposed, and at once have put an end to the war. The officers brought me all the news, and my hopes rose as they approached.—What was my astonishment when the major informed me, that three waggons had entered the town in the night, had been sent back loaded with money, and that the French were retreating ! This I can assure my readers, on my honour, is literally truth, to the eternal disgrace of the French general. The major, who informed me, was himself an eye-witness of the fact. It was pretended the money was for the army of the King, but every body could guess whither it was going ; it left the town without  
a con-



a convoy and the French were then in the neighbourhood. Such were the allies of Maria Theresa ! The receivers of his money are known in Paris. Not only were my hopes this way frustrated, but in Russia likewise, where the Countess of Bestuchef, and the Chancellor, were fallen into disgrace.

I now imagined another, and indeed a fearful and dangerous project. The garrison of Magdeburg, at this moment, consisted but of nine hundred militia, who were discontented men. Two majors and two lieutenants were in my interest. The guard of the Star-Fort amounted but to a hundred and fifteen men. Fronting the gate of this fort, was the town gate, guarded only by twelve men and an inferior officer ; beside these lay the casements, in which were seven thousand croat prisoners. Baron K—y, a captain, and prisoner of war, also was in our interest, and would hold his comrades ready, at a certain place and time, to support my undertaking. Another friend was, under some pretence, to hold  
his

his company ready, with their muskets loaded, and the plan was such, that I should have had four hundred men in arms to carry it into execution.

The officer was to have placed the two men we most suspected and feared, as centinels over me; he was to command them to take away my bed, and, when encumbered, I was to spring out, and shut them in the prison. Clothing and arms were to have been procured and brought me into my prison; the town gate was to have been surprised; I was to have run to the casemate, and called to the Croats, "Trenck! To arms!" My friends, at the same instant, were to break forth, and the plan was so well concerted that it could not have failed. Magdeburg, the magazine of the army, the royal treasury, arsenal, all would have been mine; and sixteen thousand men, who were the prisoners of war, would have enabled me to keep possession.

The most essential secret, by which all this was to have been effected, I dare not reveal; suffice it to say, every thing was  
pro-

provided for, every thing secure ; I shall only add that the garrison, in the harvest months, was exceedingly weakened, because the farmers paid the captains a florin per man each a day, and the men for their labour likewise, to obtain hands. The sub-governor connived at the practice.

One Lieutenant G—— procured a furlough to visit his friends ; but, supplied by me with money, he went to Vienna. I furnished him with a letter addressed to Counsellors Kempf and Huttner, including a draft for two thousand ducats ; wherein I said that, by these means, I should not only soon be at liberty, but in possession of the fortrefs of Magdeburg ! and that the bearer was entrusted with the rest.

The lieutenant came safe to Vienna, underwent a thousand interrogatories, and his name was repeatedly asked. This, fortunately he concealed. They advised him not to be concerned in so dangerous an undertaking ; told him I had not so much money due to me, and gave him, instead of two thousand ducats, one thousand

sand florins. With these he left Vienna, but with very prudent suspicions, which prevented him ever more returning to Magdeburg. A month had scarcely passed before the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, then chief governor, entered my prison, shewed me my letter, and demanded to know who had carried the letter, and who were to free me, and betray Magdeburg. Whether the letter was sent immediately to the king or the governor, I know not; it is sufficient that I was once more betrayed at Vienna. The truth was, the administrators of my effects had acted as if I were deceased, and did not chuse to refund two thousand ducats. They wished not I should obtain my freedom in a manner that would have obliged the government to reward me, and restore the effects they had embezzled, and the estates they had seized. What happened afterwards in Vienna, which will be related in its place, will incontestably prove this surmise to be well founded.

These bad men did not, it is true, die in the manner they ought; but they all are



dead, and I am still living, and like an honest, though poor man ; so did not they die. Be this read and remembered by their luxurious heirs, who refuse to restore my children to their rights.

My consternation on the appearance of the Landgrave, with my letter in his hand, may well be supposed ; I had the presence of mind, however, to deny my hand-writing, and affect astonishment at so crafty a trick. The Landgrave endeavoured to convict me, told me what Lieutenant Kemnitz had repeated at Vienna, concerning my possessing myself of Magdeburg, and thereby shewed me how fully I had been betrayed. But, as no such person existed, as Lieutenant Kemnitz, and as my friend had fortunately concealed his name, the mystery remained impenetrable, especially as no one could conceive how a prisoner, in my situation, could seduce, or subdue the whole garrison. The worthy prince left my prison, apparently satisfied with my defence ; his heart felt not satisfaction in the misfortunes of others.

The

The next day a formal examination was taken, at which the sub-governor Reichmann presided. I was accused as a traitor to my country; but I obstinately denied my hand-writing. Proofs or witnesses there were none, and, in answer to the principal charge, I said, “ I was no criminal, but a man calumniated, illegally imprisoned, and loaded with irons; that the king, in the year 1746, had cashiered me, and confiscated my parental inheritance; that therefore the laws of nature enforced me to seek honour and bread in a foreign service; and that, finding these in Austria, I was become an officer and a faithful subject of the Empress Queen; that I had been a second time unoffendingly imprisoned; that here I was treated as the worst of malefactors, and that my only resource was to seek my liberty, by such means as I could: were I, therefore, in this attempt, to destroy the very town of Magdeburg, and occasion the loss of a thousand lives, I should still be guilt-

“ less. Had I been heard, and legally  
 “ sentenced, previous to my imprison-  
 “ ment at Glatz, I should have been, and  
 “ have continued a criminal ; but not hav-  
 “ ing been guilty of any small, much less  
 “ of any great crime, equal to my punish-  
 “ ment, if such crime could be, I was,  
 “ therefore, not accountable for conse-  
 “ quences : I owed neither fidelity nor  
 “ duty to the King of Prussia ; for, by the  
 “ word of his power, he had deprived  
 “ me of bread, honour, country, and  
 “ freedom.”

Here the examination ended, without  
 farther discovery : the officers, however,  
 falling under suspicion, were all removed,  
 and thus I lost my best friends ; yet it was  
 not long before I had gained two others,  
 which was no difficult matter, as I knew  
 the national character, and that none but  
 poor men were made militia officers. Thus  
 was the governor's precaution fruitless, and  
 every body secretly wished I might obtain  
 my freedom.

I shall

I shall never forget the noble manner in which I was treated on this occasion by the Landgrave. This I personally acknowledged, some years afterward, in the city of Cassel, when I heard many things which confirmed all my surmises concerning Vienna. The Landgrave received me with all grace, favour, and distinction. I revere his memory, and seek to honour his name. He was the friend of misfortune. When I, not long afterward, fell ill, he sent me his own physician, and meat from his table, nor would he suffer me, during two months, to be waked by the centinels. He likewise removed the dreadful collar from my neck ; for which he was severely reprimanded by the king, as he himself has since assured me.

I might fill a volume with incidents attending two other efforts to escape, but I will not weary the reader's patience with too much repetition. I shall merely give an abstract of both.

When I had once more gained the officers, I made a new attempt at mining my



way out. Not wanting for implements, my chains and the flooring were soon cut through, and all was so carefully replaced I was under no fear of examination. I here found my concealed money, pistols, and other necessaries; but, till I had rid myself of some hundred weight of sand, it was impossible to proceed. For this purpose I made two different openings in the floor: out of the real hole I threw a great quantity of sand into my prison; after which I closed it with all possible care. I then worked at the second with so much noise, that I was certain they must hear me without. About midnight the doors began to thunder, and in they came, detecting me, as I intended they should. None of them could conceive why I should wish to break out under the door, where there was a triple guard to pass. The centinels remained, and in the morning, prisoners were sent to wheel away the sand. The hole was walled up and boarded, and my fetters were renewed. They laughed at the ridiculousness of my undertaking, but punished me by depriving

priving me of my light and bed, which, however, in a fortnight, were both restored. Of the other hole, out of which most of the earth had been thrown, no one was aware. The major and lieutenant were too much my friends to remark that they had removed thrice the quantity of sand the false opening could contain. They supposed this strange attempt having failed, it would be my last, and Bruckhausen grew negligent.

The governor and sub-governor both visited me, after some weeks; but, far from imitating the brutality of Borck, the Landgrave spoke to me with great mildness, promised me his interest to regain my freedom, when the peace should be concluded; told me I had more friends than I might suppose, and assured me I had not been quite forgotten by the Court of Vienna. The manner in which I answered him moved him to the soul; in vain he endeavoured to hide his tears, while I, in a moment of exquisite sensibility, fell at his feet, rose, and pleaded like Cicero, hap-

py to have met with a prince, who thought and felt like a man.

He promised me every alleviation, and I gave him my word of honour I would never more attempt to escape, while he remained governor. The manner in which I spoke enforced conviction, and it was then that he ordered my neck-collar to be taken off, my window to be unclosed, my doors every day to be left two hours open, a stove which I might light myself, to be put in my dungeon, finer linen for my shirts, and paper to amuse myself, by writing down my thoughts. The sheets of paper were to be numbered, when given, and when returned, by the town major, that I might not abuse this liberty.

Ink was not allowed me, I therefore pricked my finger, suffered the blood to trickle into a pot, and, when coagulated, warmed it again in my hand, throwing away the fibrous parts that would not liquefy; by this means I procured a succedaneum for ink both to write and draw.

I now

I know busied myself with engraving my cups, and versifying. I had free opportunity to display such abilities as I possessed, to excite esteem, and awaken compassion. My emulation was encreased by the knowledge that my productions were seen and read at courts, and that the Princess Amelia, and the Queen herself, testified their satisfaction. I had soon subjects to engrave from sent me; and the wretch whom the King intended to immure, and bury alive, whose name no man was to mention, never lived to better purpose, nor was more famous, than while he vented his groans in this dungeon. My writings produced their effect, and in reality regained my freedom. To my cultivation of the sciences, and presence of mind in danger, am I indebted for all : these could not all the power of Frederic deprive me of; by these I obtained that which he in his wrath, and the might of his despotism, had intended to take from me eternally ! Yes ! this liberty I procured, though he continually answered all petitions in my behalf—  
 “ He is a dangerous man ; and so long as



“ I have life, he shall never see the light!”  
 Yet have I seen it, as broadly as himself,  
 during his life ; after his death, I have seen  
 it without revenging myself, otherwise than  
 by proving my innocence and virtue to a  
 monarch, who oppressed because he knew  
 me not, because he would not recal the  
 hasty sentence of anger, or own it  
 was *possible* he might be mistaken. No !  
 in my writings I have fought only to  
 appease him, to justify and prove the *great-*  
*ness* of his soul ! He died convinced of my  
 integrity, yet without affording me retri-  
 bution ! Perhaps, he recollected my suf-  
 ferings, and knew retribution was impos-  
 sible. Enough ! If so it can be, peace be  
 to his ashes ! Man is formed by misfor-  
 tune ; virtue is active in adversity. Per-  
 haps, had I lived in uninterrupted hap-  
 piness, posterity would have heard little of  
 my name. It is indifferent to me, that the  
 companions of my youth have their ears  
 gratified, delighted, with the titles of Ge-  
 neral ! Field-Marshal ! I have learned to  
 live without such additions. I am known  
 in

in my works. Hence has it often been asked, why is not he also a Minister or a General. Blessed content ! Thee have I learned to taste, unalloyed by pride ! Repose, thrice blessed, Thee do I enjoy, in the haven of the wise, after storms and horrors past ? May my history, my example, console the afflicted, strike terror to the guilty, bridle youth's impetuosity, and inspire the suffering with fortitude !

I return to my dungeon. Here, after my last conference with the Landgrave, I waited my coming fate, with a mind more at ease than that of many a prince in his palace. My dawn of hope daily grew more bright. The newspapers they brought me foretold approaching peace, on which all my dependance was placed, and I passed eighteen months calmly, and without further attempt.

The father of the Landgrave died ; he had till then been only hereditary prince ; and Magdeburg now lost its noble governor. The worthy Reichmann, however, testified for me all compassion and esteem ; I

had books; my time was employed, and therefore stole unperceived away. Imprisonment and chains to me were become habitual, and freedom, in all her lovely forms, sleeping and awake, in hope approached.

About this time I wrote the poems, found in my works, called the Macedonian Hero; The Dream Realized, and the Fables contained in the first volume, most of which have reference to myself. The most, and the best of my poems are now lost to me. The mind's sensibility when the body is imprisoned is strongly roused, nor can all the aids of the library equal this advantage. Perhaps I may recover some of them in Berlin, if so, the world may learn what my thoughts then were. When I was set at liberty, I had none but such as I remembered, and these I committed to writing. On my first personal visit to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, I received a volume of them, written in my own blood; but there were certainly eight of these, which I shall scarcely ever regain.

The

The death of Elizabeth, the deposing of Peter III. and the accession of Catherine II. produced peace. On the receipt of this intelligence, I endeavoured to provide for all possible contingencies. The worthy captain K— had opened me a correspondence with Vienna ; I was assured of support ; but was likewise assured the administrators, and those who possessed my estates, would throw every possible impediment in the way of freedom. I endeavoured to persuade another officer to aid my escape, but in vain : no second Schell was to be found. The will consented, but the heart recoiled.

I therefore opened my old hole, and my friends assisted me all in their power, further to disembarraßs myself of sand. My money melted away, but they provided me with tools, gun-powder, and a good sword. I had remained so long quiet that my flooring was no more examined.

My intent was to wait the peace ; and, should I still continue in chains, then would I have my subterranean passage to  
the



the rampart ready for escape. For my further security, an old lieutenant had, with my money, purchased a house in the suburbs, where I might lie concealed. Gummern in Saxony, is two miles from Magdeburg: here a friend, with two good horses, was to wait a whole year, to ride on the glacis of Klosterbergen, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and, at a given signal, to hasten to my assistance.

My passage was to be ready in case of emergency; I therefore removed the upper planking; broke up the two under beds, cut the boards into chips, and burnt them in my stove. By this I obtained so much additional room as to proceed half way with my mine. Linen again was brought me, sand bags made, and thus I successfully proceeded to all but the last operation. Every thing was afterwards so well closed and concealed, that I had nothing to fear from the narrowest inspection, sufficient of the under flooring being left to support the upper, and it appeared doubly nailed as before, to avoid suspicion, especially

cially as the new come garrison could not know what was the original length of the planks.

This severe labour reduced me again to a very feeble state of body ; and, by the return of the regulars, I in a moment was deprived of all my friends.

I must in this place relate a dreadful accident, which I cannot even now remember, without shuddering, and the terror of which has often haunted my very dreams.

While mining under the foundation of the rampart, just as I was going to carry out the sand-bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage.

What was my horror to find myself thus buried alive ! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune, there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away ; but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul, that I

and times wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labour began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but as often as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and I imagine I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths, surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labour, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball, and turned round; I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labour was to root away the sand under the stone, and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and, by this means, at length, I once more happily arrived in my dungeon !

The

The morning was advanced ; I sat myself down so exhausted that I supposed it was impossible I had time or strength to cover up and conceal my hole. After half an hour's rest, however, my fortitude returned : again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended before the resounding locks and bolts told the approach of my visitors.

They found me pale as death : I complained of the head-ach, and continued some days so much affected by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but, perhaps of all my nights of horror, this was the most horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth ; and now, though three and twenty years are elapsed, my sleep is still haunted by this vision.

After this accident, whenever I worked in my cavity, I hung a knife round my neck, that, in case I should be again so inclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over  
the



he stone that had fallen were several others that hung tottering, under which I was several hundred times obliged to creep. Nothing could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty!

When my passage was ready, so that I could break out when I pleased, I wrote various letters to my friends at Vienna, and also an impassioned memorial to my sovereign. When the militia left Magdeburg, and the regulars returned, I took an affecting leave of my friends who had behaved to me with so much humanity, and so benevolently supplied my wants. Several weeks elapsed before they departed, and I learnt that general Riedt was appointed ambassador from Vienna to Berlin.

I had seen the world; I knew this general was not averse to a bribe; I wrote him a moving letter, conjuring him not to abandon me, and to act with perhaps more ardour in my behalf than his instructions might imply. I inclosed a draft for six thousand florins, on my effects at Vienna, and he received four thousand more from  
one

one of my relations. I have to thank these ten thousand florins for my freedom, which I obtained nine months after. My vouchers shew the six thousand florins were paid in April 1763, to the order of general Riedt. The other four thousand I thankfully repaid, when at liberty, to my friend.

I received intelligence, before the garri-son departed, that no stipulation had been made on my behalf, at the peace of Hubertsberg. \* The Vienna plenipotentiaries, after, and not before, the articles were signed, mentioned my name to Hertzberg, but with little earnestness of solicitation. From Berlin indeed I received private assurances of every effort being made to move Frederic, a promise on which I could much better rely than on my protectors at Vienna, who so many years had left me in misfortune. I therefore determined to wait three

\* The release of Trenck was so feebly mentioned, by the Austrian plenipotentiary, that Hertzberg, the Prussian minister, took not the least notice of the affair. T.

See *Fischer Geschichte Fried. II.*

*Theil II. S. 246.*

months longer, and, should I find myself neglected, to owe my escape to myself.

On the change of the garrison, the officers, being all of the nobility, were much more difficult to gain than the former. The majors literally obeyed their orders; their help was unnecessary; but still I sighed for my old friends. I had only ammunition bread again for food, as no one supplied me with the least comfortable addition.

My time hung very heavy; every thing was carefully examined on the change of the garrison. A still stricter scrutiny might occur, and all my projects be discovered. This had nearly been effected by accident, as I shall here relate. I had, two years before, so tamed a mouse that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth: in this small animal I discovered proofs of intelligence too great to easily gain belief: were I to write them, priests would rail, monks grumble, and such philosophers as suppose man alone endowed with the power of thought, allowing nothing, but what they call instinct to animals, would proclaim  
me

me a fabulous writer, and my opinions heterodox to what they suppose sound philosophy. Should I live, perhaps, I may hereafter publish an essay on this subject, in which, this my mouse, and a spider, will appear as remarkable characters.

This intelligent mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myself with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a trencher. The centinels happened to hear our amusement, called the officers; they heard also, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At day-break, my doors resounded; the town-major, a smith, and mason entered: strict search was begun; flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinized, but in vain. They asked what was the noise they heard: I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given I should be deprived of its society; I earnestly intreated they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honour,  
he



he would present it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmost tenderness.

He took it away, and turned it loose in the guard-room, but it was tame to me alone, and sought a hiding-place. It had fled to my prison-door, and, at the hour of visitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately testifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worthy remark that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to say, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was a hundred paces from my dungeon. How then did it find its master? Did it know, or did it wait for the hour of visitation? Had it remarked that the doors were daily opened?

All were desirous of obtaining this mouse, but the major carried it off for his lady; she put it into a cage, where it pined, refused all sustenance, and, in a few days, was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me, for some time, quite melancholy, yet, on the last examination, I perceived it had so eaten away the bread, by which I had  
concealed

concealed the crevices I had made in cutting the floor, that the examiners must be all but blind not to discover them. I was convinced my faithful little friend had fallen a necessary victim to its master's safety. My keepers were persuaded I had neither the will nor the power to make further attempts at freedom. This accident, however, determined me not to wait even the three months.

I have already related howes were to be kept ready, on the first and fifteenth, and I only suffered the first of August to pass, because I would not injure the worthy major Pfuhl, who had treated me with more compassion than his comrades, and whose day of visitation it was. On the fifteenth I determined to fly. This resolution formed, I waited in anxious expectation of the day when a new, and again most remarkable succession of accidents happened.

An alarm of fire had obliged the major of the day to repair in haste to the town; he, therefore, committed the keys to the lieutenant. The latter, coming to visit me,  
with

with a look of compassion, asked---“ Dear  
 “ Trenck, have you never, during seven  
 “ years that you have been under the guard  
 “ of the militia, found a man like Schell ?”  
 “ ---Alas! sir, ’ answered I, “ such friends  
 “ are indeed rare; the will of many has  
 “ been good : each knew I could make his  
 “ fortune, but none had courage enough  
 “ for so desperate an attempt. Money I  
 “ have distributed freely, but have received  
 “ little help.”

“ Money!—how do you obtain money  
 “ in this dungeon ?” ---“ From a secret  
 “ correspondent at Vienna, by whom I am  
 “ still supplied. If I can serve you, com-  
 “ mand me : I will do it willingly, with-  
 “ out asking any return.’ So saying, I  
 immediately took fifty ducats from between  
 the pannels, and gave them to the lieute-  
 nant. At first he refused, but at length  
 accepted them with fear.---He left me, pro-  
 mised to return, pretended to shut the door,  
 and kept his word. He now avowed, that  
 debt obliged him to desert, that this had  
 long been his determination, and that de-

firous to assist me, at the same time, if he could find the means, I had only to shew how this might be effected.

We continued two hours in conference ; a plan was soon formed, approved, and almost a certainty of success demonstrated ; especially, when I told him I had two horses in waiting. We vowed eternal friendship, I gave him fifty additional ducats, and he had never before been so rich ; his whole debts, which would oblige him to desert, not amounting to more than two hundred rix-dollars, which, however, he never could have discharged out of his pay.

He was to prepare four keys, that were to resemble those of my dungeon ; the latter were to be exchanged on the day of flight, being kept in the guard-room while the major was with general Walrabe. He was to give the grenadiers on guard leave of absence for some hours, or send them into the town on various pretences. The centinels at the gate he was to call from their duty, and those placed over me were to be sent into my dungeon, to take away my bed ;



while encumbered with this, I was to spring out, and lock them in, after which we were to mount our horses, which were kept ready, and ride full speed to Gummern. Every thing was to be prepared within a week, when he was again to mount guard. We had scarcely fully formed our project before the centinels called, the major was coming; he, accordingly, hastily barred up the doors, and the major passed to general Walrabe.

No man now was happier than myself, in a dungeon though I was: my hopes of escape were triple; the mediation at Berlin, the mine I had made, and my new friend, the lieutenant.

Intoxicated with hope and joy, then, when most ought to have been cool and clear, I seemed to have lost my understanding. I came to a resolution which will appear, to every reasonable man, extravagant, absurd, and pitiable. I was vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough, to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the *Great Frederic!* —

Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain saviour.

Having heated my indignation with this lamentable scheme, I expected the hour of visitation with anxiety. The major entered; I bespoke him thus :

“ I know, sir, the great Prince Ferdinand is again in Magdeburg.” (My new friend had told me this). “ Be pleased to inform him that he may first examine my prison, double the centinels, and afterward give me his commands, stating at what hour it will please him I should make my appearance, in perfect freedom, on the glacis of Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of this, I then hope for the protection of Prince Ferdinand ; and that he will relate my proceeding to the King, who may thereby be convinced of my innocence, and the perfect clearness of my conscience.”

The major was astonished ; supposed my brain turned. The proposal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impossible. I, however, persisted ; he rode to town, and

returned with the sub-governor, Reichmann; the town-major, Riding; and the major of inspection. The answer they delivered was—That the Prince promised me his protection, the King's favour, and a certain release from my chains, should I prove the truth of my assertion. I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as impossible, and, at last, said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme; but, should I refuse, they would immediately break up the whole flooring, and place centinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, the governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.

After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up my flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friends had procured me, to the doors of the subterranean gallery. This gallery I desired them to enter, and found, with their sword-hilts, at the place through which I was to break, which might  
be

be done in a few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and to the others they already had the keys; adding, I had horses waiting at the glacis, that would be immediately ready; the stables for which were unknown to them.

They went, examined, returned, put questions, which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star-Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was astonished at what he had heard; that he wished me all happiness, and then took me, unfettered, to the guard-house. The major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me every thing would happen to my wishes, and that prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

The guard was reinforced next day: two grenadiers entered the officer's room as centinels. The whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes, the draw-bridges were raised



in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I had made at Glatz.

I now saw numerous workmen employed on my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry-stones! The officers on guard behaved with great kindness, kept a good table, at which I ate; but two centinels, and an under-officer, never quitted the guard-room. Conversation was very cautious, and this continued five or six days: at length, it was my new friend the lieutenant's turn to mount guard; he appeared to be as friendly as formerly, but conference was difficult: he however found an opportunity to express his astonishment at my ill-timed discovery, told me the prince knew nothing of the affair, and that the report propagated through the garrison was, I had been surpris'd in making a new attempt.

I now saw my error, but, alas! too late. I assured my friend this step had been occasioned by my reliance on his promise. He lamented my mistake, but affirmed  
himself

himself still the same. My courage strengthened, and I vowed vengeance against the mean conduct of the sub-governor.

My dungeon was completed in about a week. The town major and major of the day re-conducted me to it. My foot only was chained to the wall, but with links twice as strong as formerly; the remainder of my irons were never after added.

Instead of flooring, the dungeon was paved with huge flag stones. The prison was made impenetrable. That part of my money only was saved which I had concealed in the pannels of the door, and the chimney of the stove; some thirty louis-d'ors hidden about my clothes were taken from me.

While the smith was rivetting my chains, I addressed myself to the sub-governor;  
 “ Is this the consequence of the pledged  
 “ honour of the Prince? Has the magna-  
 “ nimity of my conduct deserved such  
 “ treatment? But think not you deceive

“ me, I am acquainted with the false re-  
 “ ports that have been spread ; the truth  
 “ will soon come to light, and the un-  
 “ worthy be put to shame. Nay, I now  
 “ forewarn you that Trenck shall not be  
 “ much longer in your power ; for, were  
 “ you to build your dungeon of steel,  
 “ it would still be insufficient to contain  
 “ me.”

They smiled at my threats. Reichmann,  
 however, desired me to take courage, and said  
 I might, probably, soon obtain my freedom  
 after a proper manner. My firm reliance  
 on my friend, the lieutenant, gave me, in-  
 stead of appearing sunk and despond-  
 ent, a degree of confidence that amazed  
 them all.

It is here necessary farther to explain this  
 affair. When I had obtained my liberty,  
 I visited Prince Ferdinand, at Brunswick.  
 He informed me the majors had not made  
 a true report, being afraid of reprimand  
 for their own carelessness. Their story  
 was, they had caught me at work, and had  
 it not been for their extreme diligence, I  
 should

should certainly have made my escape. Prince Ferdinand heard the truth some time after, and informed the King, who, from that time, only waited a favourable opportunity to restore me to liberty.

Such is the way of the world ! Such the manner in which the most generous, the most noble acts are often painted ! I was, in this case, the silly sacrifice of my own vanity. Those who guarded me were ashamed of their neglect, and, to avoid reprimand, which would not effectually have injured any of them, was I again led to my slaughter-house. Such has been the issue through my whole life, of many noble undertakings ; where others have taken advantage of my too great openness of heart, and procured reward to themselves by my labours.

Once more was I immured, cursing in my heart the cruelties of kings and governors : this time, however, they were innocent, because deceived.

I waited in anxious hope for the day when my deliverer was to mount guard.



What again was my despair, when, instead of him, I saw another lieutenant ! I buoyed myself up with the expectation, that accident was the occasion of this, but I remained three weeks in the same suspense, and saw him no more. Ask I durst not, but I heard at length that he had left the corps of grenadiers, and, therefore, was no longer to mount guard at the Star-Fort. Whether he was afraid, and repented his engagement, or whether the hundred ducats had procured him better prospects, I neither knew nor ever wish to know. Should he ever read this book, and should he really have deceived me, let him also read that he has my hearty forgiveness, and that I applaud myself for never having said any thing by which he might be injured. Others, perhaps, being thus deserted by him in misfortune, after so many protestations, and condescending to receive money, would have been more revengeful. He might, having paid his debts, repent his promise ; he might have trusted another friend with the enterprise, and have been himself

himself betrayed . but be it as it may, his absence cut off all hope.

I bitterly now repented my folly and untimely vanity : melancholy seized my mind ; I had brought my misfortunes on myself. When I had removed every impediment, the confidence I placed in the honour of man, again plunged me near six months longer in affliction, doubled by despair. I had myself rendered my dungeon impenetrable. Death would have followed but for the dependence I placed in the court of Vienna.

The officers soon remarked the loss of my accustomed fortitude, and gloomy thoughtfulness. I was less industrious on my cups ; the verses I wrote were desponding. The only comfort they could give was, “ Patience, dear Trenck ; your condition cannot be worse ; the King may “ not live for ever.” Small consolation this. Were I sick, they told me I then might hope my sufferings would soon have an end. If I recovered, they pitied me,  
and

and lamented their continuance. What man of my rank and expectations ever endured what I have endured, ever was treated as I have been treated !

Peace had been concluded nine months. I was forgotten. At last, however, when I supposed all hope lost, the 24th of December, and the day of freedom came ! At the hour of parade Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, arrived, and brought orders for my release !

The sub-governor supposed me weaker in intellect than I really was, and would not too suddenly tell me these happy tidings. He knew not the presence of mind, the fortitude, which the various dangers I had seen had made habitual. Self-praise offends ; yet never was I too much elated in prosperity, or depressed in adversity ; never timid or undetermined in the moment of danger ; and for the truth of this, I appeal to all who have known me personally, or been acquainted with those who have seen me in such situations.

My

My doors, for the LAST TIME, resounded ! Several people entered ; their countenances were more than usually cheerful, and the sub-governor at their head, at length said, “ This time, my dear Trenck, “ I am the joyful messenger of good news. “ Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on the “ King to let your irons be taken off.”—— Accordingly to work went the smith—— “ You shall also,” continued he, “ have “ a better apartment”——“ I am free then,” said I, “ and you are afraid to tell me so “ too suddenly. Speak ! fear not ! I can “ moderate my transports.”——

“ Then you are free !” was the reply.

The sub-governor first embraced me, and afterwards his attendants.

He asked me what clothes I would wish. I answered, the uniform of my regiment. The taylor attended and took measure. Reichmann told him it must be made by the morning. The man excused himself because it was Christmas eve.—“ so then this “ gentleman must remain in his dungeon, “ because it is holiday with you. The  
taylor



taylor was answered, and promised to be ready.

The smith having ended his work, I was taken to the guard-room : congratulations were universal, and the town-major administered the oath customary to all state prisoners.

1st. That I should avenge myself on no man.

2dly. That I should neither enter the Prussian nor Saxon states.

3dly. That I should never relate, by speech, or in writing, what had happened to me.

4thly. And that, so long as the king lived, I should neither serve in a civil nor military capacity.

Count Schlieben delivered me a letter from the imperial minister, General Reidt, in Berlin, to the following purport : That he was heartily rejoiced at having found an opportunity of obtaining my liberty from the king ; and that I must cheerfully obey the requisitions of Count Schlieben, whose orders were to accompany me to Prague.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, dear Trenck,” said Schlieben,  
 “ I am to conduct you in a covered wag-  
 “ gon through Dresden to Prague, with  
 “ orders not to suffer you to speak to any  
 “ one on the road. I have received three  
 “ hundred ducats from General Reidt, to  
 “ defray the expence of travelling. A wag-  
 “ gon must be purchased ; but, as all  
 “ things cannot be prepared to-day, the  
 “ sub-governor has determined we shall  
 “ depart to-morrow night.”

Having joyfully acquiesced, Count Schlie-  
 ben remained with me ; the others, after  
 a short conversation, returned to the town,  
 and I dined in company with the major of  
 the day and the officers on guard, with  
 General Walrabe in his prison. Here this  
 gentleman died in 1774, having remained  
 at Magdeburg eight and twenty years.  
 His confinement, however, was both de-  
 served, and rendered supportable.

Once more at liberty, I walked about  
 the fortifications, to accustom myself to  
 light and air, and collected the money I  
 had concealed in my dungeon, which amount-  
 ed

ed to about seventy ducats. To every man on guard I gave a ducat, to the centinels then on duty over me each three, and ten ducats to be divided among the relief-guard. I sent the officer on guard, a present from Prague, and the remainder of my money I bestowed on the widow of the kind, the honest, the worthy Gefhardt. He, poor fellow, was no more, and she had entrusted the secret of the thousand florins to a young soldier, who, spending too freely, was suspected, betrayed her, and she passed two years in the house of correction. Gefhardt never received any punishment; he was in the field. Had he left any children, I should, in duty have provided for them. To the widow of the man who hung himself before my prison door, in the year 1756, I gave thirty ducats, lent me by Schlieben.

The night was riotous, the guard made merry, and I passed most of it in their company. I was visited by all the generals of the garrison on Christmas morning, for I was not allowed to enter the town. Boots,  
uni-

uniform, all were ready by noon. I was dressed, viewed myself in the glass, and found pleasure; but the tumult of my own passions, the congratulations I received, and the vivacity of every thing round me, prevented my remembering incidents minutely.

How much room for reflection did this scene afford ! My intrinsic worth then, and twenty-four hours before, when in prison, was the same ; yet, how wonderful an alteration in the carriage and countenance of those by whom I had been so strictly guarded ! I was treated with friendship, distinction, attention, and flattery. And why ? Because those fetters had dropt off which I had never justly borne. Oh World ! what art thou ? What, indeed, in despotic states ! What is merit, what virtue, where arbitrary power disposes of the fate of men.

Evening came, and with it Count Schlieben, a waggon, and four post-horses. After a very affecting farewell, we departed. Who could have persuaded me I should  
have



have shed tears at leaving Magdeburg ! Yet tears I actually did shed. It seems equally strange that I lived here ten years, yet never saw the town.

I shall not weary the reader's patience with the trivial incidents of our journey. The exact duration of my imprisonment at Magdeburg, was nine years, five months, and some days; add to these the seventeen months imprisonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years. Thus did the prime of life, the brightest hours in the day of man, pass in imprisonment. Thus was I robbed of time, which monarchs have not the power to restore ; thus, too, was my body weakened, thus my health impaired, so that now in my decline of life, a second time, I suffer in the gloom, the damp, and the chains of the dungeon of Magdeburg.

The reader would now hope having obtained my freedom, that my calamities were all at an end ; yet do I declare, upon my honour, I would prefer the sufferings of the Star-Fort, to those I have since endured  
in

in Austria, especially the last six years, while Kurgel and Zetto were my referendaries and curators.

It may happen that I may publish a third volume \*, in which I may more openly and fully relate the misfortunes of two and twenty years, particularly the last six spent at Vienna. At this moment, I am obliged to be guarded in my expressions. I have already put my enemies to shame, but the hope of justice or reward on this side the grave, is vain. No rewards are bestowed on him, who, with all the consciousness of integrity, demands, and does not implore. The facts I shall relate, will indeed seem improbable, nay incredible, yet have I, in my own hands, the indisputable vouchers of their verity. I repeat the words of my preface :

\* This third volume the Baron has published. It is the third volume of the present translation; but it is necessary to preserve this, and similar passages, because they contain circumstances by which suspense is kept alive.

“ If

“ If my right hand is guilty of writing  
 “ untruths in this book, may the com-  
 “ mon executioner sever it from my body,  
 “ and, in the memory of posterity, may I  
 “ live a villain !”

Having thus called the reader's attention to its truth, I proceed with my history.

On the 2d of January, I arrived, with Count Schlieben, safely at Prague, and the same day he delivered me to the then governor, the duke of Deuxponts. He received me with kindness and distinction ; we dined with him two successive days, and all Prague was anxious to see a man who had surmounted ten years of suffering so unheard-of as mine. Here I received three thousand florins, and paid General Reidt his three hundred ducats, which he had advanced Count Schlieben for the expences of my journey, the repayment of which he demanded in his letter, although he had already received ten thousand florins. The expence of returning I also paid to Schlieben, made him a present, and provided myself with some necessaries. Af-  
 ter

ter remaining a few days at Prague, a courier arrived from Vienna, to whom, it is most worthy of remark, I was obliged to pay forty florins, with an order from government to bring me, under a strong guard, from Prague to Vienna. My sword was demanded ; Captain Count Wela, and two inferior officers, entered the carriage, which I was obliged to purchase, in company with me, and brought me to Vienna. I took up a thousand florins more in Prague, to defray these expences, and was obliged in Vienna, to pay the captain fifty ducats, for travelling charges back.

At treatment like this what were the sensations of my soul ! I ought to have re-entered Vienna in triumph, like the martyr of his country, hastening to receive his reward ; I, on the contrary, was brought back like a criminal, was sent as a prisoner to the barracks, there kept in the chamber of lieutenant Blonket, with orders that I should be suffered to write to no one, speak to no one, without a ticket, from the confellers Kempfer Huttner. These good  
gentle-



gentlemen, during my imprisonment, had been the administrators of my effects !

Thus I remained six weeks : at length, the Colonel of the regiment of Poniatowsky, the present field-marshal, Count Acton, spoke to me. I related what I supposed were the reasons of my being thus kept a prisoner in Vienna ; and to the exertions of this worthy man am I indebted, that the abominable intentions of my enemies were frustrated, which were to have me imprisoned during life, as insane, in the fortress of Glatz. Had they once removed me from Vienna, all had been lost, and I should certainly have pined away the poor remainder of my life, in a madhouse. Yet, when at liberty, could I never obtain justice against these men ! By their means was the Empress persuaded that my brain was affected, and that I continually uttered the most violent threats against the King of Prussia. The election of a king of the Romans was then in agitation, and the court was apprehensive lest I, with a rash desire of vengeance, should act something, that might

might offend the Prussian envoy. General Reidt had, moreover, been obliged to promise Frederic that I should not be suffered to appear in Vienna, and that they should hold a most wary eye over me. The Empress Queen felt compassion for my supposed disease, and asked if no assistance could be afforded me ; to which they answered, I had several times been let blood, but that I still remained a very dangerous man. They added, that I squandered my money strangely, having taken up, and dispersed, four thousand florins in six days, at Prague ; that it would, therefore, be proper to appoint curators or guardians, to impede such extravagances. Thus do the wicked utter their falsehoods ! Thus do they cloud and obscure the throne, making truth invisible.

Count Alton, however, spoke of me and my hard destiny, to the Countess Paar, mistress of the ceremonies to the Empress Queen, a noble-minded lady. The late Emperor entered the chamber, while I was the subject of discourse, and asked whether I had never  
had

had any lucid intervals. " May it please  
 " your majesty," answered Alton, " he has  
 " now been seven weeks in custody at  
 " my barracks, and I never in my life met  
 " a more reasonable, or more agreeable  
 " man. There must be something myste-  
 " rious in this affair, or he could not be  
 " treated as a madman, or so represented  
 " at court. That he is not so in any-wise,  
 " I pledge my honour."

The next day, the Emperor sent Count Thurn, grand master of the Arch-Duke Leopold, to speak to me. In him I found a worthy man, an enlightened philosopher, and a lover of his country. To him I related how I had twice been betrayed, twice sold at Vienna, during my imprisonment; to him demonstrated that my administrators had only acted in this vile manner that I might be imprisoned for life, and they remain undisturbed in possession of my effects. We conversed together two hours, during which many things were said, that prudence will not permit me here to repeat. I gained his confidence and his heart,  
 and

and he continued my friend till death. He left me, promised protection, returned the following day, and procured me an audience of the Emperor.

I spoke with freedom; the audience lasted more than an hour. At length the Emperor was so moved that he rose from his seat, and retired into the next apartment; I saw the tears drop from his eyes. With sympathetic enthusiasm I fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and wished for the presence of a Rubens, or Apelles, to preserve a scene so highly honourable to the memory of the monarch, and paint the sensations of an innocent man, imploring the protection of a great, a just, and a compassionate prince. I felt myself unequal to do his memory that justice it deserves. Words I had none, but my looks, my tears, were indeed eloquent.——The Emperor tore himself from me, and I departed with sensations such as only those can know who, themselves being virtuous, unfortunately, met with vile and wicked men.



The ill-judging world has called the Emperor Francis a weak Prince. To me he seems superior to Cæsar, or Frederic *the Great*. That he had a noble mind, what I have cited is an irrefragable proof; and had not death robbed me of his protection, then, when he found me worthy, I should long since have regained the Hungarian estates I have now for ever lost.

I returned to my barracks in all the raptures of joy, and an order, the next day, came for my release. I went, with Count Alton, to the Countess Paar, who desired to see me, and, by her mediation, I obtained an audience of the Empress.

I cannot describe the kindness of the sovereign; how much she pitied my sufferings, how much she admired my fortitude. I had not opportunity to speak a word; her professions of pity preventing my stating the justness of my case. She told me she was informed of all the vile artifices practised against me in Vienna: she nevertheless required I should mention no past grievances, should forgive all my enemies, avoid

avoid all retrospect, and pass all the accounts of my administrators.—I would have spoken; —“do not complain of any thing,” said she, “but act as I desire—I know all—you shall be recompensed by me; you deserve reward and repose, and these you shall enjoy.”—What could I do?—I must either sign whatever was given me to sign, or be sent to a madhouse. I received orders to accompany M. Pistrich to Counselor Ziegler: thither I went, and the next day was obliged to sign, in their presence, the following conditions:

First—That I acknowledged the will of Trenck to be valid.

Secondly—that I renounced all claim to the Slavonian estates, relying alone on her Majesty's favour.

Thirdly—That I solemnly acquitted my accountants and curators: And,

Lastly—That I would not continue in Vienna.

What more could have been asked of me, had I, instead of reward, deserved punishment?

This I must sign, or languish in a prison. If such be not arbitrary power, what is ?

Thus was I dealt with ! The Empress was prevented acting greatly and nobly.— It is an eternal truth, that this my mistreatment was occasioned by my refusing to hear mass; and that the possessors of my estates were under the protection of the Jesuits \*.

What did I feel ! How did my blood boil while I signed ! The confidence I had in myself assured me I could obtain honourable employment in any country of Europe by the exertion of my talents, the labours of my mind, and the faithful recital of all my woes. At that time I had no children; I therefore, little regretted what I had lost, or the poor portion that remained.

Justly dissatisfied, I determined to avoid Austria eternally. My honest pride would never suffer me, by clandestine and insidious arts, to approach the throne. I knew no

\* The confessor of the Empress was a Jesuit. T. fuch

such mode of soliciting for justice; hence was I an unequal match for my enemies; hence my ills, hence my misfortunes. Complaints and appeals to justice, were artfully represented as the splenetic effusions of a man never to be satisfied. By courts of justice I had been plundered; appeals to them were, therefore, vain indeed.

My too sensible heart was preyed upon and corroded by the treatment I met at Vienna. I, who with so much fortitude, such unshaken honour, had suffered so much in the cause of Vienna; I, on whom the eyes of all Germany were at this time fixed, to behold what should be the reward of these sufferings; I, far from being rewarded, was again, in this country, kept a prisoner, and delivered over to those by whom I had been plundered, as a man insane!

Before my intended departure to seek my fortune, I fell ill, and sickness almost brought me to the grave. The Empress, hearing of my condition, in her great clemency, sent one of her own physicians, and



charitable friar to my assistance ; both of whom I was at last obliged to pay. My own doctor would have restored me much cheaper. This was to be favoured, to be distinguished !

At this time I received, unsolicited, a major's commission, for which I was obliged to pay the fees. Being excluded from actual service, to me the title was of little value : my rank in the army had been at least equal ten years before in other service. The following words, inserted in my commission, are not unworthy remark : --- " Her Majesty, in consequence of my fidelity and  
 " zeal for her service, so conspicuously demonstrated during a long imprisonment,  
 " my extraordinary endowments, and exemplary virtues, had been graciously  
 " pleased to grant me, in the Imperial service, the rank of major." --- The rank of major ! --- From this preamble, who would not have expected either the rank of general, or the restoration of my great Slavonian estates ? I had been fifteen years a captain of cavalry, and now was I most graciously made an invalid major ! --- I was  
 made

made an invalid major three-and-twenty years ago, and an invalid major I still remain ! Let all that has been related be called to mind, the shameful manner in which I had been pillaged, and so repeatedly betrayed ; let Vienna, Dantzic, and Magdeburg be remembered ; and, at the same time, be this my promotion remembered also ! Let it be farther known, that the commission of major might be bought, by any boy, for a few thousand florins ! Thirty thousand florins only, of the money I had been robbed of, would have purchased a colonel's commission ; I should then have been a companion for generals ; enabled by my pay, I then might have educated children for the good of the state, and my promotion would have placed me beyond the persecutions and peculations of my enemies

It was the interest of these I should be useless ; and therefore I was made an invalid. During the thirty-six years that I have been in the service of Austria, I never had any man of rank, any great general, any minister, any president, my enemy, except

count Grassalkowitz, and he was only my enemy because he had conceived a friendship for my estates.

My private character was never calumniated, nor did any truly worthy man ever speak of me but with respect and compassion. Who were, who are, my enemies?---Jesuits, monks, unprincipled advocates, wishing to become my curators; referendaries, who died despicable, or now live in houses of correction; or accountants, who purchased protectors, to avoid dying by the hands of the hangman. Such as live, live in dread of a similar end; for the Emperor Joseph is just, and able to discover the truth. Alas! the truth is discovered too late; age has now really rendered me an invalid. Men with hearts so base, so vile, ought indeed to become the scavengers of society, that, terrified by their example, succeeding judges may not rack the heart of the honest man, seize on the possessions of the orphan and the widow, and wholly expel virtue out of Austria.

God for ever preserve all good men, after

ter me, from such judges ! Men of this character never fail to have friends at court, worthy of themselves. Some maid of honour's chamber-maid, some fire-lighter, some menial person, with minds well befitting their station, who shall have the cunning, at proper opportunities, to say, as they did of me;---“ Trenck is a dissatisfied, “ restless man ; complains of every thing ; “ speaks evil of princes ; is still more than “ half a Prussian in his heart ; denies that “ the Austrian Ulans are capable of killing “ and eating the whole Prussian army !” My spirits are wearied ; my heart sinks at the remembrance.

I recovered, sought an audience, but this was no more to be obtained. I attended the levee of Prince Kaunitz. Not personally known to him, he, on his pinnacle of power, viewed in me a crawling insect among the swarm beneath. I thought somewhat more proudly ; thought myself a man : my actions were upright, and so should my body be. I quitted the apartment, and at the door was congratulated, by the mercenary Swiss-



porter, on my good fortune of having obtained an audience !

I applied to the field-marshal, from whom I received this remarkable answer: --- “ If  
 “ you cannot purchase, my dear Trenck,  
 “ it will be impossible to admit you into  
 “ actual service ; beside, you are too old  
 “ to learn our very difficult manœuvres.”  
 I was then thirty-seven. I briefly replied,  
 “ Your excellence mistakes my character ;  
 “ I did not come to Vienna to serve as an  
 “ invalid major. My curators have taken  
 “ good care I should have no money to  
 “ purchase ; but, had I millions, I would  
 “ never obtain rank in the army by that  
 “ mode.” I quitted the room with a shrug.  
 ---The next day I addressed a memorial to  
 the Empress, which, had I room, might  
 here deserve to be wholly inserted. I did  
 not re-demand my Slavonian estates, I only  
 petitioned.

First, --- That those who had carried off  
 quintals of silver and gold from the pre-  
 mises, and had rendered no account, either

to me or the treasury, should be obliged to refund at least a part.

Secondly,---That they should be obliged to return the thirty-six thousand florins, which had been illegally sequestered from my family inheritance, and applied to an hospital.

Thirdly,--- That the thirty-six thousand florins might be re-paid, which count Graf-falkowitz had deducted from the allodial estates, for three thousand six hundred pandours, who had fallen in the service of the Empress : I not being in justice bound to pay for the lives of men out of my private purse, who had died gloriously in defence of the Empress.

Fourthly,---I required that fifteen thousand florins, which had been deducted from my capital, and applied to the Bohemian fortifications, should likewise be restored, together with the fifteen thousand which had been unduely paid to the regiment of Trenck.

Fifthly,---I reclaimed the twelve thousand florins, which I had been robbed of at

Dantzic, by the treachery of the Imperial resident, Abramson; and public satisfaction from the magistracy of Dantzic, who had delivered me up, so contrary to the laws of nations, to the Prussian power.

These articles, and others, contained in the memorial, were indisputable claims, not being included in the renunciation I had, some weeks before, been obliged to sign.

I likewise claimed the customary interest of six per cent. for the capital of seventy-six thousand florins, detained by the Hungarian chamber, which would amount to twenty thousand florins; I having been allowed only five per cent. and at last four.

I more particularly insisted on the restoration of my Slavonian estates, and a proper allowance for improvements, which the very sentence of the court had granted, and which amounted to eighty thousand florins.

I entreated! I petitioned for an arbitrator; I humbly solicited justice concerning incontrovertible rights, but nothing I obtained,

tained, not so much as an answer to this and a hundred other similar petitions !

I must here speak of my accountants, and of transactions during my imprisonment.—I had bought a house in Vienna, in the year 1750, situated in the Teinfaltstrasse; the price was sixteen thousand florins, thirteen thousand of which I had paid at different instalments. The receipts were among my writings : these writings, together with my other effects, were taken from me at Dantzic, in the year 1754. The colonel and quarter-master, and all persons of the regiment, of whom I might require any account, were dead in the interim, nor have I, to this hour, been able to learn more than that my writings were sent to the administrators of my affairs at Vienna. With respect to my horses, effects, and property at Dantzic, in what manner these were disposed of no one could or would say.

After being released from my dungeon at Magdeburg, I inquired concerning my house, but no longer found it mine. Those who had gotten possession of my writings  
must



must have restored the acquittances to the feller, consequently, he could re-demand the whole sum. My house, however, was in other hands, and I was brought in debtor six thousand florins, for interest and costs of suit. Thus were house and money forever gone, beyond redemption! — Whom can I accuse?

Again.---I had two years maintained, at my own expence, lieutenant Schroeder, who had deserted from Glatz, and for whom I afterward obtained a captain's commission in the guard of prince Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt. His own misconduct caused him to be cashiered and become a beggar. In my administrators' accounts I found the following article :

“ To captain Schroeder, for capital interest, and costs of suit, sixteen hundred florins.”

It was certain, I was not a penny indebted to this person : I however had no redress, having been, as before related, obliged to pass and sign all their accounts.

I four years afterward obtained information.

tion concerning this affair: I met Schroeder, by accident, as he was asking alms near St. Stephen's; knew him, took him home with me, and inquired whether he had actually received these sixteen hundred florins. He answered in the affirmative.

“ No one believed you would ever more  
 “ have seen the light. I knew you had a  
 “ friendship for me, and would willingly  
 “ serve me, and, all being lost to you, that  
 “ you would give something to relieve my  
 “ extreme necessities. I went and spoke  
 “ to Dr. Berger; he agreed we should halve  
 “ the sum, and his contrivance was, I  
 “ should make oath I had lent you a thou-  
 “ sand florins, without having received  
 “ your note. The money was paid me by  
 “ M. Frauenberger, to whom I agreed to  
 “ send a present of Tokay, for Madam  
 “ Huttner.”

Oh! Excellent! This was the manner in which my curators took care of my property! Many similar instances I could produce, but I am too much agitated by the recollection. I must, however, speak a word concerning who and what my curators were.

The

The court counsellor, Kempf, was my administrator, and counsellor Huttner my referendary. The substitute of Kempf was Frauenberger, who, being obliged to act as a commissary clerk at Prague, during the war, could not attend to affairs at Vienna, but appointed one Krebs as a substitute: whether M. Krebs had also a sub-substitute, is more than I am able to say.

Doctor Bertracker was *Fidei commissurator*, though there was no legal *Fidei commissum* existing. Doctor Berger, as *Fidei commiss-advocate*, was superintendent over them all, and, to them all, salaries were to be paid.

Let us now see what was the weighty business this noble company had to transact. I had seventy-six thousand florins in the Hungarian chamber, the interest of which was yearly to be received, and added to the capital: this was their whole employment, and this was certainly so trifling that any honest man would have performed it gratis.

Kempf,

Kempf, having luckily got a fat capon, wished to pluck it in company with his old croney; he therefore gave him an office. The war made money scarce, and the discounting of bills with my ducats was a profitable trade to my curators. Had it been properly and honestly employed, I should certainly have found my capital increased, after my ten years imprisonment, full sixty thousand florins. Instead of these, I received three thousand florins at Prague, and nothing more; and, in compensation, found my capital diminished seven thousand florins.

Frauenberger and Berger died rich; and, the superior being obliged to protect him whom he had employed as a deputy, I must be eternally confined as a madman, lest this worthy deputy should have been proved a rogue. This is the clue to the acquittal I was obliged to sign. Madam K—— was, at that time, a lady of the bed-chamber at court: she could approach the throne; her chamber employments, indeed, procured  
her



her the keys of doors that, to me, were eternally locked.

Not satisfied with this, Kempf applied to the Empress, informed her they were, indeed, acquitted, but not recompensed ; and that Frauenberger required four thousand florins for remuneration. The Empress laid an interdict on the half of my income and pension. Thus was I obliged to live in poverty, thus banished the Austrian dominions, where my seventy-six thousand florins were reduced to sixty-three, the interest of which I could only receive, and that burthened by the above interdict, the *Fidei commissum*, and administratorship. Of all these exactions, none so nearly, so much affected me, as that of being obliged to present four thousand florins to the man by whom my affairs had been thus administered.

The Empress, indeed, during my sickness, ordered, as an especial favour, that my captain's pay, during my ten years imprisonment, should be given me, amounting to eight thousand florins ; which pay she

she also settled on me as a pension. By this pension, however, I never profited; for, during twenty-three years, that and more was swallowed by journies to Vienna, chicanery of courtiers, agents, advocates, and costs of suit. Of the eight thousand florins, three were stolen during my illness; the court physician must be paid thrice as much as another, and what remained after my recovery was sunk in the preparations I made to seek my fortune elsewhere. I had, beside, eight thousand florins to repay, which had been advanced by my friends while in my dungeon; four thousand of which were sent to general Riedt at Berlin.

Thus have I been rendered so poor that I have never been able to repay my sister's children the money their mother advanced, while my kind friends at Vienna, have dignified me with the name of a discontented man.

How far my captain's pay was matter of right, or matter of favour, let the world judge, being told I went in the service of Vienna to the city of Dantzic. Neither did this restitution of pay equal the sum I  
had

had sent the Imperial minister to obtain my freedom. It has been asserted, the Empress delivered me from imprisonment. But no, I positively declare the contrary. I remained nine months in my dungeon after the articles were signed, unthought of, and, when mentioned, by the Austrians, the King had twice rejected the proposal of my being set free. The affair actually happened as follows; according to the account I received from their royal highnesses Prince Henry, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and, particularly from the minister, Count Hertzberg. General Riedt had received my ten thousand florins full six months, and seemed to remember me, and my imprisonment no more. One gala day, however, the king happened to be in an extraordinary good humour, and her Majesty the Queen, the Princess Amelia, and the present monarch, said to the imperial minister——“ This is a fit opportunity for you to speak in behalf of Trenck.” He accordingly waited his time, did speak, and the King replied, “ Yes.”

The

The joy of the whole company appeared so great, that Frederic *the Great* was offended !

Other circumstances, which contributed to promote this affair, the reader will easily collect from my history. That there were persons in Vienna who earnestly desired to detain me in prison is indubitable, from their proceedings after my return. My friends at Berlin, my own exertions, and my money, were my deliverers.

For some weeks after I first obtained my freedom, I was generally absent in mind, and deep in thought. This was a habit I had acquired in prison, and the objects of sight appeared but as the visions of sleep. I often stopped in the streets, stared around me, doubted my own existence, and bit my finger, in order to convince myself I was really awake and alive.

How trifling, how insignificant, does the poor pageantry of greatness appear to me at this time ! A thousand people, variously bedecked in all their finery, wait expecting the appearance of some extraordinary

nary



nary personage ! The doors are thrown open ! An elderly matron enters ! graciously smiles ; and every body most humbly smiles also ! She asks a few questions, concerning the wind and weather, of an old priest, in a red cap and stockings, then addresses herself to an insignificant Esop, on whom all eagerly press forward to fawn ! The good lady retires, and the hubbub of the synagogue ensues ; and this is called a levee ! Nor to this sublime honour my men of honest hearts, the friends of virtue, or their country, find admittance : they have not the proper key, or, having it, hold it in contempt. Oh man ! What art thou when called great and honourable ! What are thy thoughts, what thy dreams ! Dost thou call thyself a man of reason, a philosopher ? What dost thou then at courts ?—By me they have long been avoided.

Walking round the ramparts of Vienna, having recovered from my sickness, the vivifying spring, and the broad expanse of heaven, inspired a consciousness of present freedom, and of pleasure indescribable.

I heard

I heard the morning song of the lark. My heart palpitated, my pulse quickened, the blood trickled through my veins with delight, for I felt I was a man, and recollected I was not in chains. Happen, said I, what may, I fear not futurity so long as my feet, my will, and my heart are free, and, like yonder lark, I can remove from land to land. My soul poured forth its thankfulness for this consciousness of freedom, and I determined to fly Vienna, and seek some corner of the world where virtue has nothing to fear from the tongues of slanderers, the commands of courts, or the arbitrary will of monarchs.

If I went into any large companies, their prattle so distracted my mind, and the lights so overpowered my eyes, that I returned home with head-ach, lassitude, and melancholy.

An accident happened which furthered my prospect. Marshal Laudohn was going to Aix la Chapelle, to take the waters. I had always personally honoured and loved this general when he was no more than a captain

captain of pandours in my cousin's regiment. He went to take his leave of the Countess Paar ; I was present, the Empress entered the chamber, and the conversation turning on Laudohn's journey, she said to me, " The baths are also necessary to the  
 " re-establishment of your health, Trenck." I was ready, and followed him in two days, where we remained about three months.

Here we were stared at as strange animals. All the world wished to see him because of his fame in war, and me because of my sufferings. The society of this worthy general poured balm into my wounded soul. He was as well acquainted with Vienna as myself : his fortitude and magnanimity had conquered his enemies. What he was he had made himself.

The mode of life at Aix la Chapelle and Spa pleased me, where men of all nations meet, and where princes are obliged to mingle with persons of all ranks, if they wish to seek conversation, and would not renounce society. One day here procured  
 me

me more pleasure, esteem, and friendship, than a whole life in Vienna.

I scarcely had remained here a month before my ever good friend, the Countess Paar, wrote to me that the Empress had provided for me, and would make my fortune as soon as I should return to Vienna. I endeavoured by my agents, to discover in what this good fortune consisted, but ineffectually. I hoped every thing from the Empress, who well knew my hard destiny. The death of the Emperor Francis at Inspruck, occasioned the return of General Laudohn, and I followed him on foot, to Vienna.

By means of the Countess Paar, I obtained an audience in a few days. The Empress received me graciously, and said to me, " I will prove to you, Trenck, that I keep  
" my word. 'I have insured your fortune;  
" I will give you a rich and prudent wife." I replied, " Most gracious Sovereign, I  
" cannot determine to marry, and if I  
" could, my choice is already made, at  
" Aix la Chapelle." How ! are you mar-  
VOL. II. F ried



“ried then?”—“Not yet, please your  
 “Majesty.”—“Are you promised?”—  
 “Yes,”—“Well, well, no matter for  
 “that, I will take care of that affair; I am  
 “determined on marrying you to the rich  
 “widow of M——, and she approves my  
 “choice. She is a very good kind of a  
 “woman, and has fifty thousand flo-  
 “rins a year. You are in want of such a  
 “wife.”

I was thunder-struck. This lovely bride  
 was an old canting hypocrite, of sixty-three,  
 extremely covetous, and a termagant. I  
 answered, “I must frankly speak truth to  
 “your Majesty; I cannot consent, did she  
 “possess the treasures of the whole earth.  
 “I seek happiness, and not misery. I  
 “have made my choice, and given my  
 “word of honour, which, as an honest  
 “man, I must not break.” The angry  
 Empress regarded me with contempt,  
 and said, “Your unhappiness is your own  
 “work. Act as you think proper; I have  
 “done.” Here my audience ended, and,  
 thus dismissed, I bade an eternal adieu to

any hope of reward from Empreſſes and Kings.

Had I been inclined to make my fortune, by marrying an old woman, I might long before, in 1750, have married one in Holland, worth three millions. This propoſal was to recompenſe me for the loſs of my Sclavonian eſtates, and all my other innumerable afflictions. Beſide that compliance was impoſſible, I was beloved in Aix la Chapelle, where mutual affection, reaſon, beauty, worth, and an exalted mind, all promiſed future happineſs.

I was not actually affianced at that time to my preſent wife, but love determined me to return, to improve an intimacy ſo far advanced.

Marſhal Laudohn knew my miſtreſs, and promoted the match. He was acquainted with my heart, and the warmth of my paſſions, perceived I could not conquer the ſecret deſire of vengeance on men, by whom I had been ſo cruelly, ſo wickedly treated. He, and my friend Profeſſor Gellert, whom I viſited at Leiſpſic, both adviſed

me to take this mode of calming passions, that often inspired projects too vast, and that, seeking tranquillity, I should fly the commerce of the great.

This friendly counsel was seconded by my own wishes. I returned to Aix la Chapelle, in December 1765, and married the youngest daughter of the former Burgomaster De Broe. He was dead: he had lived on his own estate at Brussels, where my wife was born and educated. He had been called to this honourable office, by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Aix la Chapelle. He was the descendant of an ancient and noble family, in the province of Artois; and some of his predecessors, who possessed estates near Aix la Chapelle, had, I know now not for what reason, accepted the dignity of knights of the Roman Empire. My wife's mother was sister to the Vice-Chancellor of Duffeldorf, Baron Robert, lord of Roland.

It is not generally known at Vienna, that one of the two Burgomasters of Aix-la-Chapelle must always be elected from a noble family, and

and the other from the citizens. My children, therefore, can prove their descent to be noble, both by the male and female line.

My wife has been with me in most parts of Europe, where she has always been esteemed as she deserved. She then was young, handsome, worthy, and virtuous, has borne me eleven children, all of whom she has nursed herself; eight of them are still living, and have been properly educated. God grant I may be enabled ever to provide for her as she deserves, and as is my duty. Two and twenty years has she borne a part in all my sufferings, and well deserves reward.

During my late short abode at Vienna, I made one effort more; I sought an audience from the present Emperor Joseph, related all that had happened to me, and particularly remarked such defects as I had observed in the government and regulations of the country. He gave me an attentive hearing, proved his desire to increase the happiness of his people, and commanded



me to commit my thoughts to writing. This I accordingly performed, stating with precision, and unreserve, the observations I had made on affairs, civil, military, and æconomical.

Might I publish this writing, I am persuaded it would do me no dishonour ; but, on the contrary, shew the monarch has, long since, profited by many of the improvements therein suggested. My memorial was graciously received ; all I petitioned for was secrecy, having therein named several persons, who were again capable of making me wretched. I farther gave a more ample account of what had happened to me in various countries, and which prudence has occasioned me to express more cautiously and darkly in these pages. My memorial, though graciously received, produced no effect, and I hastened back to Aix la Chapelle.

For some few years I lived here in peace ; my house was the rendezvous of the first people, who came to take the waters. I began

began to be more known, and every where procured myself friends, among the very first and best people.

I also visited Professor Gellert at Leipzig, shewed him my manuscripts, and asked his advice concerning what branch of literature he thought it was probable I might best succeed in. He most approved my fables and tales, but blamed the excessive freedom with which I spoke in my political writings. I neglected his advice, and many ensuing calamities were the consequence.

My wife brought me a son in December 1766, and I took this opportunity of writing to the youthful monarch at Vienna. Though published in my writings, under the title of Belisarius to the Emperor Justinian, I think it necessary to insert what follows here.

“ Your Majesty is informed of my marriage. My wife has borne me a son,  
 “ whom I have christened Joseph. The  
 “ Imperial Chamberlain, Colonel and Baron Rippenda, stood sponsor, by proxy,

“ for your Majesty. This was done with-  
 “ out first obtaining your Majesty’s con-  
 “ sent. I flattered myself your Majesty  
 “ would graciously be pleased thus far to  
 “ honour me, knowing my loyalty, and  
 “ my misfortunes. It is indeed my hope  
 “ that my conduct will procure from your  
 “ Majesty a more happy futurity. This  
 “ son I shall educate in the same loyal  
 “ principles, and, rather than depart from  
 “ them, he shall imbibe poison from his  
 “ mother’s breast.

“ Most gracious Emperor, while I live  
 “ he will be provided for, but, at my  
 “ death, then must he say to his sovereign,  
 “ I am the son and rightful heir of both  
 “ the Trencks, whose lands and possessions  
 “ have been seized by strangers and aliens.  
 “ I look up to you, gracious Sovereign,  
 “ as a protecting Deity for my poor chil-  
 “ dren. May your Majesty participate  
 “ my joy, and graciously welcome this  
 “ new citizen of the world. May it also  
 “ please you to inform me whether it be  
 “ your gracious pleasure I should farther  
 “ present

“ present my thoughts in writing, for your  
“ high inspection. My enemies at Vien:  
“ na daily encrease in strength; but on  
“ your sovereign protection I rely; and,  
“ whatever may be my fate, shall most  
“ faithfully and eternally remain the loyal  
“ servant of my Emperor and my coun-  
“ try.”

“ TRENCK.”

I have at present my reasons for inserting the following answer, which was written by the Emperor's own hand, and is still in my possession.

“ *Dear Major Trenck,*

“ I am well pleased that you have christ-  
“ ened your son Joseph, and have cho-  
“ sen Colonel Rippenda, as my proxy.  
“ As a proof of my good wishes toward  
“ you, I have, for manifest reasons, order-  
“ ed that, henceforth, you shall receive your  
“ pay at Brussels, instead of Vienna.  
“ Continue to send me your writings; I  
“ am pleased to be informed of the truth;  
“ but,



“ but they will give me more satisfaction,  
“ should you send them simple and una-  
“ dorned, than in their former satirical  
“ drefs.

“ I am yours,

“ JOSEPH.”

I soon afterward received orders to correspond with his Majesty's private secretary, Baron Roder; what this correspondence was must not here be told: suffice it to say, my attempts to serve my country were frustrated; I saw defects too clearly, spoke my thoughts too frankly, and wanted sufficient humility ever to obtain favour.

In the year 1767, I wrote the Macedonian Hero, which became as famous throughout all Germany as my *Eulenspiegel*. (The Malicious Wag). The poem did me honour, but entailed new persecutions; yet, having wrote it, I never could repent: I have had the honour of presenting it to five reigning princes, by none of whom it has been burnt. The Empress alone was highly enraged. I had spoken as Nathan did

did to David, and the Jesuits now openly became my enemies.

The following vile trick was played me in the year 1768. A friend, in Bruffels, was commissioned to receive my quarterly pay, from whom I learnt an interdict had been laid upon it by the court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna, in which I had been condemned to pay a note of seven hundred florins to one Buffy, with fourteen years interest.

Buffy was a known swindler. I was conscious no man on earth had any such claim; I, therefore, journeyed, post-haste, to Vienna. No hearing, no satisfactory account was to be obtained. The answer was *Res jam judicata est*; sentence is past, therefore all further attempts are too late.

I applied to the Emperor Joseph, I pledged my honour and my head, to prove the falsification of this note; and intreated a revision of the cause. My request was granted, and my attorney, Weyhrauch, was an upright man. When he began to speak, and request a day of revision to be appointed,

He was threatened to be committed by the referendary, Zetto, should he undertake to interfere and defend the affairs of Trenck. He answered, firmly, " His defence is my " business in this place, I know my cause " to be good." Silence was imposed, and nothing farther done.

Four months did I continue in Vienna before the day was appointed to revise this cause. It now appeared evidently there were erasures and holes through the paper, in three places : all in court were convinced the claim ought to be annulled, and the claimant punished. Zetto, notwithstanding, ordered the parties to withdraw, and then so managed that the judges resolved the case must be again laid before the court, with formal written proofs.

This gave time for new knavery : I was obliged to return to Aix-la-Chapelle, and four years elapsed before this affair, clear as the meridian sun, was decided. Two priests in the interim, who were such as father confessors to convents usually are, took false oaths that they had actually seen me receive the money. At length, however, I proved  
that

that the note was dated a year after I had been imprisoned at Magdeburg; I consequently could not give any such note in Vienna. Nay, farther, my attorney proved the very writs of the court had, likewise, been falsified. Zetto, the referendary, and Buffy, were absolutely the forgers, but I happened to be too active, and my attorney too honest, to lose this cause. I was obliged to make three very expensive journies from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, lest judgment should go by default. Sentence at last was necessarily pronounced; I gained my cause, and the note was declared a forgery, but the costs, amounting to three thousand five hundred florins, I was obliged to pay, for Buffy could not; nor was he corporally punished, though at last driven from Vienna for his villainous acts. Zetto, however, still continued referendary, still continued, for eighteen years, my barbarous persecutor; till, not long since, he was deprived of his office, and condemned to the house of correction.

May no such judgments ever again be given in courts at Vienna; where, perhaps

I am



I am the only one whose perseverance and courage would have demonstrated their injustice. But this perseverance, this courage, have made these courts my enemies, as I have since bitterly experienced. Too late was Zetto punished for the welfare of many a widow and orphan, and still are numerous of his vile practices unknown.

This cause excited many remarks at Vienna; I gained much honour, but more expence and trouble. I took this opportunity to solicit justice in my other affairs, but to little purpose, except that the world began to know me better, and afford me somewhat more of its pity.

My knowledge of the world increased at Aix-la-Chapelle, where men of all nations and characters met, particularly English. In the morning I might converse with a lord in opposition, in the afternoon with an orator of the King's party; and at night with an honest man of no party. In conversation like this knowledge is acquired and imparted. I sent Hungarian wine into England, France, Holland, and the empire;

pire ; this occasioned me to undertake long journies, and as my increase of acquaintance gave me opportunity of receiving many foreigners with politeness in my own house, I was myself also well received wherever I went.

The income I should have had from Vienna was all ingulphed by law-suits, curators, attornies, and the journies I was obliged to undertake ; having been thrice cited to appear, in person, before the Hofkriegsrath. To me no hope remained ; I was described as a dangerous mal-content, who had deserted his native land, insinuations by which my enemies took care to profit. I nevertheless remained, be the country in which I lived what it would, an honest man ; one who could provide for his own necessities without meanness or the favour of courts ; one whose acquaintance was every where esteemed. In Vienna alone was I unfought, unemployed, and obscure.

My love of the chace made me particularly acceptable to the English, who brought with them their own horses and dogs, to  
hunt

hunt the wolf and wild boar, animals not to be found in their own country. I, in return, passed whole summers at their country seats in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and thus obtained a thorough knowledge of the nation.

The Elector Palatine had granted me a certain extent of country in the territory of Juliers, where I might hunt, and the Count Palatine of the Rhine gave me permission to hunt where I pleased. To defend this right of hunting was now my duty, and occasioned various disputes; these, however, were not often determined in courts of law, but usually every man asserted his claim with his sword.

One day an accident happened, on this occasion, which made me renowned over the country as a magician, as one whom lead could not penetrate, and who had power over fogs and clouds.

I had a quarrel with the Palatine president, Baron Blankart, concerning a hunting district; I therefore wrote to him that, on a certain day, he should repair to the spot

spot in dispute, whither I would also come, at ten in the morning, with sword and pistol, hoping he would there give me satisfaction for the affront I had received. Thither I went, with two huntsmen, and two friends, but, instead of the Baron, was astonished to find two hundred armed peasants assembled.

What was to be done? I sent one of my huntsmen to the army of the enemy, informing them that, did they not beat a retreat, I should fire. It was in the month of August, the day was clear and fine, and suddenly a thick and impenetrable fog arose. My huntsman returned, with intelligence that, having delivered his message just as the fog came on, these valiant heroes had all run away in the greatest fright.

I advanced, found nobody, fired my piece, as did my friends and followers, and marched to the mansion of my adversary, where my hunting-horn was blown in triumph, in his court-yard. The runaway peasants fired at a distance, but the fog prevented their taking any aim.

Having



Having taken this satisfaction, I returned home, where many false reports had preceded me. My wife expected I should be brought home dead, and that many others would be maimed; however, not the least mischief had happened.

It soon was propagated through the country that I was a magician, had raised a fog to render myself invulnerable, and that the truth of this could be justified by two hundred eye witnesses. All the monks of Aix-la-Chapelle, Juliers, and Cologne, publicly preached concerning me, reviled me, and warned the people to beware of the arch-magician and Lutheran, Trenck.

On a future occasion, this belief I turned to matter of merriment. I went to hunt the wolf in the extensive forests of the country of Monjoye, and invited the peasants and townsmen to the chace. The first day we had but little sport; toward evening I, and some forty of my followers, retired to rest in the neighbouring charcoal huts, well provided with wine and brandy. "My lads," said I, "it is now necessary you should all  
 " discharge

“ discharge your pieces, and load them  
 “ anew, that to-morrow no wolf may escape,  
 “ and that none of you may excuse your-  
 “ selves on your pieces missing fire.” The  
 guns were accordingly reloaded, and placed  
 in a separate chamber, after which, they  
 began to eat, drink, and dance. While  
 they were merry-making, my huntsman  
 privately went into this chamber, drew the  
 balls, and charged the pieces with powder,  
 several of which he loaded with double  
 charges. Some of their notched balls I put  
 into my pocket.

In the morning, away went I, and my  
 merry fellows, to the chace. As we walked,  
 their conversation turned on my necroman-  
 cy, and the miraculous manner in which I  
 could envelop myself in a cloud, or make  
 myself bullet-proof. “ What is that you  
 “ are talking about, my lads?” said I.  
 “ Some of these unbelieving good folks,”  
 answered my huntsman, “ affirm your Ho-  
 “ nour is unable to ward off balls.” “ Well  
 “ then,” said I, laughing, to one of them,  
 “ fire away, my good fellow, and try.”  
 The

The man refused, and my huntsman took his piece out of his hand, and fired. I pretended to parry with my hand, and called, " Let any man, that is so inclined, fire, " but only one at a time." Accordingly they began, and, pretending to twist and turn about, I suffered them all to discharge their pieces. It must be remarked, I was perfectly secure, as my people had carefully noticed that no man had reloaded his gun. Some of them received such blows from the guns that were doubly charged, that they fell down, terrified in amazement, at the powers of magic. I advanced, holding in my hand some of the marked balls. " Let " every one choose his own," called I. All stood motionless, and many of them flunk home, with their guns on their shoulders; some few remained, and our sport was excellent.

On Sunday the monks of Aix-la-Chapelle again began to preach. My black art became the theme of the whole country, and, at this day, many of the people present will make oath that they fired upon me, and that,  
after

after catching them in my hand, I returned the balls.

Thus easy is it to gull this wise world. My high and invulnerable qualities were published throughout Juliers, Aix-la-Chapelle, Maestricht, and Cologne, and perhaps this belief has more than ten times saved my life ; the priests having propagated it from their pulpits, in a country which so swarms with highway robbers that one hundred-and-sixty men have been broken alive on the wheel, quartered, and burnt, within a year, and where, for a single ducat, any man may hire an assassin.

It is indeed no small matter of surprise that I should, for years, have preserved my life in a town, where there are twenty-three monasteries and churches, and where the monks are all adored as so many deities. The catholic clergy had been sufficiently enraged against me, by my poem of " The Macedonian Hero ;" and, in 1772, I published a newspaper at Aix-la-Chapelle, and another periodical work entitled, " The Friend of Men," in which I endeavour-  
ed



ed to unmask hypocrisy. Indeed for me, an apostolic major of the apostolic Maria-Theresa, to write thus in a town swarming with friars, and in a tone so undaunted, was unexampled.

At present, now toleration and freedom of opinion are more encouraged by the Emperor Joseph II. many such essayists encounter bigotry and deceit with ridicule; or, wanting invention themselves, publish extracts from writings that belong to the age of Luther. I have the honour of having attacked the very pillars of the Romish hierarchy in days more dangerous. I may boast of being the first German who, unprotected, raised a fermentation on the Upper Rhine, and in the state of Austria, so advantageous to truth, the progress of the human understanding, and the happiness of futurity.

Let the world read and judge of my writings! They contain nothing inimical to the pure morality taught by Christ. I attacked the sale of indulgences, the avarice of Rome, the laziness, deceit, licentious gluttony, robbery, and blood-sucking of  
the

the monks of Aix-la-Chapelle, who sought the murder of each other in the very church, and in presence of the altar. I wrote as a moralist, and morals do not enrich monks. Therefore did the arch-priest, and nine of his coadjutors, declare every Sunday from the pulpit, publicly naming me, I was a free-thinker, a wizard, one whom every man, wishing well to God and the Church, ought to assassinate. The Jesuit, Father Zünder declared me an outlaw; and a day was appointed on which my writings were to be burnt before my house, the house itself erased, and its inhabitants massacred. My wife received letters, warning her to fly with her children for safety, which warning she in terror obeyed. I and two of my huntsmen remained, provided with eighty-four loaded muskets. These I displayed in the gallery before the window, that all might be convinced I would make a desperate defence. I lived opposite the court-house. The appointed day came, and Father Zünder, with my writings in his hand, attended by all the students in the town, appeared

appeared ready for the attack; the other monks had incited the towns-people to a general storm; no man, however, had the heart to appear in the market-place, while I stood in a gallery so well stored with fire-arms. Thus passed the day and night in suspense.

In the morning a fire broke out in the town. I hastened, fearless, with my two huntsmen, secretly well armed, to give assistance: we dashed the water from our buckets, and all obeyed my directions. Father Zander and the students were there, likewise; I approached him by degrees, and struck his anointed ear with my leathern bucket, as if by accident, which no man thought proper to notice. I passed undaunted through the crowd, the people all smiled, pulled off their hats, and wished me a good morning. Such are the populace, when they perceive they are not feared. The people of Aix-la-Chapelle were stupid bigots, but too cowardly to murder a man who was prepared for his own defence.

Here

Here the threats of my adversaries for this time ended.

As I was riding to Maestricht through a hollow-way, a ball whistled by my ears, which, no doubt, was a messenger sent after me by these persecuting priests.

When hunting near the convent of Schwartzentruck, three Dominicans lay in ambush for me behind a hedge. One of their colleagues, who often hunted with me, pointed out the place. I was on my guard with my double-barrelled gun, drew near, but called with a voice of terror—"Shoot, scoundrels! But do not kill me, for the devil stands ready for you at your elbow!"—One fired, and they all ran; the ball hit my hat. I fired likewise, and wounded one desperately, whom the other two carried off: he recovered, however, and afterward eloped with a cow-girl.

Their attempts at poisoning me were all unsuccessful, for I always ate at home. In the year 1774, journeying from Spa to Limbourg, I was attacked by eight banditti. The weather was rainy, and my musket was



in its case; my sabre was entangled in the belt, so that, unable to draw it, I was obliged to defend myself as with a club. I sprang from the carriage, and, with every effort of nature, fought in defence of my life, striking down all before me, while my faithful huntsman protected me behind. I dispersed my assailants, hastened to my carriage, and drove away. One of these fellows was soon after hanged, and owned, before execution, that the confessor of this banditti had promised perpetual absolution, could they but dispatch me, but that no man could shoot me, because that Lucifer had rendered me invulnerable. Persuaded of the truth of this, fortunately for me, they had only assaulted me with clubs. My strength and agility, fighting too for life, was superior to theirs, and they buried two of their gang, whom, with my heavy sabre, I had killed. I escaped with a bruised arm and shoulder; my huntsman received a violent blow with a stone.

To such excess of cruelty may the violence and rage of priests be carried! Yet

did not my writings contain a single word inimical to the pure morality of Christ ; I attacked only gross abuses, the deceit and lasciviousness of the monks of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Liege, where they are worse than canibals, wallowing, like swine, in the slough of ignorance and gluttony. I wished to inculcate the true Christian duties among my fellow citizens, and the attempt was sufficient to irritate the selfish church of Rome.

From my Empress I had nothing further to hope. Her confessor had painted me with all the craft of a priest, as an arch-heretic, and a persecutor of the holy and blessed mother church. Nor was this all : opinions were artfully propagated, through Vienna, that I was a restless man, dangerous to the community. Such, indeed, is the universal supposition of all who have neither personally known me, nor read my writings.

Hence too was I always wronged in courts of judicature, where there are ever found wicked or bigoted men. The latter thought

they were serving the cause of God by injuring me; and the former are ever the enemies of pure and simple truth, undauntedly displayed, it being their interest that virtue and patriotism should fall the victims of falsehood. Yet were they unable to prevent my writings producing me much money, or being circulated through all Germany. The Aix-la-Chapelle Journal or Gazette became so famous in the first year, that, in the second, I had four thousand subscribers, by each of whom I gained a ducat.

The post-masters, who gain considerably by circulating newspapers, were envious, because the Aix-la-Chapelle Gazette destroyed several of the others, and therefore formed a combination.

I will briefly notice what so much contributed to the sale of my paper. I was acquainted with most countries and courts, in which I had the best of correspondents: wherefore, instead of merely relating past events, I could foretel future. I was sometimes obliged to be ambiguous, yet my  
meaning

meaning was very capable of being understood.

Prince Charles of Sweden, eldest brother of the present King, placed the greatest confidence in me during his residence at Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, and I accompanied him into Holland. When I took my leave of him at Maestricht, while we were in the subterranean gallery of the fortifications, he said to me, "When my father dies, either my brother shall be king, or we will lose our heads"\*. The King died, and Prince Charles, soon after, said, in the postscript of one of his letters, "What we spoke of at Maestricht will soon be fully accomplished, and you may then come to Stockholm."

On this I inserted an article in my Gazette, declaring a revolution had taken place in Sweden, and that the king had made himself absolute. The other papers thought proper to express their doubts, and I im-

\* The Prince meant to say the power of his father was so limited that he was not a king. The present monarch has taken care to have no such complaint. T.



mediately offered to wager a thousand ducats on the truth of every article published in my Gazette under the title "Aix la-Chapelle." The news of the revolution in Sweden was instantaneously confirmed. This incident added greatly to the authenticity of my paper.

My Gazette foretold the Polish partition six weeks sooner than any other; but how I obtained this intelligence must not here be mentioned. I also was active in the defence of Queen Matilda of Denmark.

The French ministry were highly offended at the following pasquinade: "The  
 " three eagles have rent the Polish bear,  
 " without losing a feather, with which any  
 " man in the cabinet of Versailles can  
 " write. Since the death of Mazarine,  
 " they write there only with goose  
 " quills."

By desire of the king of Poland, I wrote a narrative of the attempt made to assassinate him, and named the nuncio, who had given a general absolution to the conspirators in the chapel of the holy virgin.

The

The house was now in flames. Rome insisted I should recal my words. Her nuncio, at Cologne, vented poison, daggers, and excommunication: the Empress Queen herself thought proper to interfere. I obtained from Warsaw a copy of the examination of the conspirators for my justification. This I threatened to publish, and stood unmoved in the defence of truth. I acquired new honour, but new persecutors, likewise; as for protectors none: mine was the fate of all reformers, who must expect reward beyond the grave.

The Empress wrote to the post-master general of the empire, commanded him to lay an interdict on the Aix-la-Chapelle Gazette. Informed of this, I ended its publication with the year, but wrote an essay on the partition of Poland; which, also, did but encrease my enemies. The priests took care not to be idle at these moments.

The magistracy of Aix-la-Chapelle is elected from the lower ranks of people, and the Burger's court consists of an ignorant

rabble. I know no exceptions, but Baron Lamberte and De Witte ; and, to heighten the ridicule, this people assume to themselves titles of dignity, for which they are amenable to the fiscal court at Vienna. Knowing I found little protection at Vienna, they imagined they might attack, and drive me from their town. I was a spy on their evil deeds, of whom they would willingly have rid themselves. I likewise knew that the two sheriffs, Kloss and Furth, and the recorder Geyer, had robbed the town-chamber of forty thousand dollars, and divided the spoil. To these I was a dangerous man ; for such reasons they fought a quarrel with me, pretending I had committed a trespass by breaking down a hedge, and sent a sergeant, citing me to appear at their town-house.

It is a well-known right of the empire, that no magistrate of these courts can enforce the personal appearance of a staff officer. I was subject only to the court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna. But by this

court

court they soon understood I should not be protected. A most disagreeable litigation ensued. By accident I obtained a letter from Count Gravenitz, member of the Aulic council, to the post-masters Heinsberg, with whom I had also a suit pending, in which he said that, though justice was on my side, he would undertake to weary me by procrastination : he fulfilled his promise, and my wife was obliged to pay three hundred florins of gold, under pain of execution, while I was absent at Vienna, endeavouring to obtain right.

This was a trifle. The post-master, Heinsberg, of Aix-la-Chapelle, although he had two thousand three hundred rix-dollars of mine in his possession, instituted false suits against me, on pretence of a note, which was nothing more than a receipt, for a thousand dollars on account, obtained verdicts against me, contrary to the most clear and evident justice, seized on a cargo of wine, worth three thousand eight hundred dollars, at Cologne, and I, on the whole incurred losses to the amount of



eighteen thousand florins, exclusive of the interruption given to the trade I carried on in wine ; which devoured the fortune of my wife, and by which she, with myself, and my children, were reduced to poverty.

Let it not be imagined these are mere assertions. The president of one of the courts, to whom I complained, after moralizing concerning the vanity of earthly, and the reality of heavenly hopes, in a letter told me, “ It might be the will of God, “ that I should be treated with injustice. “ He could afford me no help, for he had “ received her Majesty’s commands.”—— The referendary Gravenitz himself, in 1778, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged how much he had injured me, affirmed he had been deceived, and promised he would endeavour to obtain restitution. I was moved, and forgave him, and he attempted to keep his promise ; but his power declined, his corruptness had been manifest, the bribes he had received were become too public. He was at length dispossessed of  
his

his post, but, alas! too late for me. He now lives, like the greater part of my enemies, a banished man in Poland, despised, and in poverty. Two other of my judges are at this time obliged, in chains, to sweep the streets of Vienna, where they are condemned to the house of correction. Had this been their employment, instead of being seated on the seat of judgment, twenty years ago, I might have been more fortunate. It certainly is a remarkable circumstance that I should so often and so continually have been despoiled by unjust judges. Who would have dared to have published their deserts during the plenitude of their power? Who would have had the temerity to affirm, their evil deeds should hereafter bring them to attend on the city scavenger? I indeed knew them but too well, and, fearless, spoke what I knew. But I was a restless man! A slanderer of imperial courts of justice I! It was my misfortune not my fault, that I was acquainted with their mal-practices, sooner than my gracious sovereign,

Here let the scene close on my litigations at Aix-la-Chapelle and Vienna. May God preserve every honest man from the like ! True it is they hang heavy on my heart. They have swallowed up my own property and that of my innocent wife. Enough ! Enough !

From the year 1774 to 1777, I chiefly spent my time in journeying through England and France. I was intimate with Dr. Franklin the American minister ; and with the Counts St. Germain and de Vergennes, who made me advantageous proposals to go to America ; but I was prevented accepting them by my affection for my wife and children.

My kind friend the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who had been governor of Magdeburg during my imprisonment, offered me a commission in his service among the troops going to America ; but I answered—

“ Gracious prince, my heart beats in  
 “ the cause of freedom only, I will never  
 “ assist in enslaving men. Were I at the  
 “ head

“ head of your brave grenadiers, I should  
 “ revolt to the Americans.”

During the year 1775 I continued at Aix-la-Chapelle, my periodical essays, entitled, “ The Friend of Men.” My writings had made some impression; the people began to read; the monks were ridiculed, and become more humble; my partisans increased, and their arch leader, had the good fortune to get himself cudgelled.

They did not now mention my name publicly, but catechised their penitents at confession. During this year various simple people came to me from Cologne, Bonn, and Duffeldorf, desiring to speak with me in private. When I enquired their business they told me their clergy had informed them I was propagating a new religion, in which every man must sign himself over to the devil, who then would supply them with money. They were willing to become converts to my faith, would Beelzebub but give them money, and revenge them on their priests. “ My good friends,” answered I, “ your teachers have deceived you :  
 “ I know



“ I know of no devils but themselves.  
 “ Were it indeed true that I was founding  
 “ a new religion, the converts to which  
 “ the devil would supply with money,  
 “ your bishops and priests would be the  
 “ very first of my apostles, and the most  
 “ catholic. I am an honest moral man,  
 “ my worthy friends, as a Christian ought  
 “ be. Go home, in God’s name, and do  
 “ your duty. Be honest and industrious,  
 “ and you will not then want the devil to  
 “ bring you money.”

I forgot to mention in its place, that the recorder or president of the sheriff’s court at Aix-la-Chapelle, who is the son of the banker Geyer, and who is called Baron Geyer, had associated himself, in 1778, with a Jew convert, and a knight of industry; and that this noble company, in concert, swindled a Dutch merchant out of eighty thousand florins, by assuming the arms of the Elector Palatine, and producing forged receipts and contracts. Geyer was taken in Amsterdam, and would have been hanged, but that, by the aid  
 of

of a faithful servant, he effected his escape. He returned to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he enjoys his honourable office.—Three years ago, it was proved he had robbed the town-chamber. His handsome wife was, at that time, *generis communis*, and procured him powerful friends at court. The assertions of this worthy gentleman found greater credit at Vienna, than those of the innocent, the injured Trenck. Oh, Shame! Shame ;—Oh, World! World! World!

My wine trade was so successful, that I had correspondents and stores in London, Paris, Bruxelles, Hamburg, and the Hague, and had gained forty thousand florins, with the most flattering prospects from England. One unfortunate day destroyed all my successful hopes in this traffic.

Being in London, I was defrauded of eighteen hundred guineas by a swindler. The relating of this story, will do but little honour to the English nation. The fault was principally my brother-in-law's, a young man, who parted with the wine before

fore he had received the money. In England there is no law against such deceivers. They bid you trust nobody, you will then not be wronged. And when I had been wronged, and asked my friend's assistance, I was only laughed at; as if they were happy that an Englishman had the wit to cheat a German. I cannot give a circumstantial history of this affair, but it is necessary to narrate it in the abstract, our prejudices being so strong in favour of the great worth and justice of the British nation.

Finding myself defrauded of my wine, I hastened to Sir John Fielding. He was acquainted with me, told me he knew I had been swindled, and that his friendship would make him active in my behalf; that he also knew the houses where my wine was deposited, and that a party of his runners should go with me, sufficiently strong for its recovery. I was little aware that he had at that time two hundred bottles of my best Tokay in his cellar. His pretended kindness was a snare; he was in partnership with robbers, the stupid among whom

whom only he hung, and preserved the most adroit for the promotion of trade.

He sent a constable, and six of his runners with me, commanding them to act under my orders. By good fortune I had a violent head-ach, and could not attend them myself, but sent my brother-in-law, who spoke better English than I. Him they brought to the house of a Jew, and told him, "Your wine, sir, is here concealed." Though it was broad day, the door was locked, that he might be induced to act illegally. The constable desired him to break the door open, which he accordingly did: the Jews, in a pretended fright came running, and asked—"what do you want, gentlemen?"—"I want my wine," answered my brother.—"Take what is your own," replied a Jew, "but beware of touching my property. I have bought the wine."

My brother attended the constable and runners into a cellar, and there found a great part of my wine. He wrote to Sir John Fielding, that he had found the wine,  
and



and desired to know how he was to act. Fielding by a verbal message, and—"It must be taken by the owner."—My brother accordingly got a cart, and sent me the wine.

He attended the runners, in like manner, to the house of another Jew, where they proceeded as before, and he came back, quite rejoiced at having recovered the wine.

Next day came a constable, with a warrant, saying, "He wanted to speak with my brother, and that it was to go to my friend, Sir John Fielding." When he was in the street, he touched him with his staff, and told him—"Sir, you are my prisoner."—Here it must be remarked that no man can be arrested in his own house in London; but that, when he is in the street, and the constable has touched him with his staff, he is beyond delivery; and, should he run, would be stopped by the people.

All this I was a spectator of through the window, unable to give any assistance. I,  
went,

went, however, to Sir John Fielding, and asked what it all meant. This upright justice answered, in a magisterial tone—That my brother had been accused of felony. The Jews and swindlers had sworn the wine was a legal purchase. If I had not taken care to be paid, or was ignorant of the English laws, that was my fault. Six swindlers had sworn the wine was paid for; which circumstance he had not known, or he should not have granted me a warrant. My brother had also broken open doors, and forcibly taken away wine which was not his own. They had legally made oath of this, and he was charged with burglary and robbery.

He farther desired me immediately to give bail in a thousand guineas for my brother, for his appearance in the court of king's bench; otherwise, his trial would immediately come on, and in a few days he would be hanged.

What was my rage at finding myself thus treated! And how willingly would I have plunged

plunged my sword in the breast of a man so vile as this chief magistrate of London !

I hastened to a lawyer, who was my friend, who confirmed what had been told me, advised me immediately to give bail, and he would then defend my cause. I applied to Lord Mansfield, and received the same answer. I told my story to all my great friends, who were chiefly members of parliament, and they laughed at me, for attempting to trade in London, without better understanding the laws. My intimate friend Lord Grosvenor, said, “ Send “ more wine to London, and we will pay “ you so well that you will soon recover “ your loss.”—This is the character of the nation. I am certain he would have kept his word, but I wanted the necessary capital.

I went to my wine merchants, who had stock in hand of mine worth upward of a thousand guineas. They gave bail for my brother, and in four days he was released.

Fielding,

Fielding, in the interim, sent his runners to my house, took back the wine, and restored it to the Jews, as property of which they had been robbed. They threatened farther to prosecute me as a receiver of stolen goods. I fled, in all haste, from London, through Dover, to Paris, where I immediately sold off my remaining stock at half price, honoured my bills, and so ended my merchandize.

My brother returned to London, in November, to defend his cause in the court of king's-bench; but the swindlers had disappeared, and the lawyer required a hundred pounds to proceed. The conclusion of all this was, my brother returned, with seventy pounds less in his pocket, spent as travelling expences; and the stock, in the hands of my wine merchants, was detained on pretence of paying the bail. They brought me in an apothecary's bill, and all was lost. Thus do the English treat the Germans, notwithstanding I had so many friends in London.

I might fill a volume with similar instances.

I shall



I shall only relate one short story. A German violin-maker, in London, intending to return home, had bought his wife a silver coffee-pot, which was left standing on the table in his chamber. Some one knocked at the door, and two Jews entered. One bespoke a violin, the other, while he was conversing, snatched up the coffee-pot, and ran. The German looked round, and missed the coffee-pot, but the other Jew told him, "Do not be uneasy, my friend, go with me, and I will make my comrade give you back your coffee-pot. It is only some trick: he is a mad-headed fellow."

The poor German went with the Jew, who brought him into a chamber, where were four other Jews, and his coffee-pot on the table. He took it, and said, "God be praised, I have found it once more." The Jew answered not a word; and the German returned home with his coffee-pot. Forthwith went five Israelites to the justice, and swore that the German had entered their chamber, and stolen thereout a silver coffee-pot. A constable attended them to  
the

the German's house. The Jew said, "That is my coffee-pot:" and the other swearers answered, "Yes, that is yours." The German was taken into custody, and, being destitute of witnesses, was hung upon the evidence of the five Jews.

I spoke with this poor fellow in prison, who told me the story himself, and I actually saw this honest man hung, by the pitiless English. What will my readers now say to this high-esteemed nation, which, in reality, for a thousand reasons, merits our contempt?

Enough of the proud and selfish Britons, who would treat us, and all other nations, as they do their negroes, were we to fall under their dominion\*.

Many

\* The names of the wine-merchants are omitted in the translation; the Baron may have been mistaken, they *may* have acted honestly. There is no doubt of the Baron's veracity; that is, speaking from the conviction of his own mind. He was in England, and, as he himself asserts, most shamefully swindled: those concerned have since become notorious. The perplexities of law daily expose the natives themselves to  
the

Many other particulars remain to be told of Aix-la-Chapelle, for which I have not sufficient room in this place.

the arts of the dishonest. This is an inevitable defect, the consequence of an advantage the value of which foreigners seldom understand: they are, from temperament, more hasty than the English; they have been accustomed, in states less free, when injustice is manifest, to more summary proceedings; and, when they have any dispute in England, they usually fall into the very worst hands. Let us hope the Baron was misinformed, was hasty, and that the memory of Sir John Fielding has been wronged! If not—!

The Baron so little knew how he was to act, that it is impossible, from his narrative, to say whether his brother was arrested as a debtor or imprisoned as a felon. His perplexity and distress inspire abhorrence for those instruments by whom, instead of vigorously protecting an uninformed stranger, they were increased. The liberal-minded Englishman will pardon his severity on the nation, remembering how he was treated; though by individuals whom this and every nation must pity and despise. The story of the poor German and his coffee-pot, if the Baron was not deceived, is indeed a tragical one; yet, would neaths of five Jews have hung five hundred, or five thousand, Englishmen; were they equally destitute of the means to prove the falsity of such accusations. Not the laws, not the nation, wicked men only can be accused of such a murder. T.

The

The Swedish general Sprengporten came to Aix-la-Chapelle, in the year 1776. He had planned and carried into execution the revolution so highly favourable to the king, but had suddenly left Sweden in discontent, and came to take the waters with a rooted hypochondria.

He was the most dangerous man in Sweden, and had told the king himself, after the revolution, in the presence of his guards, “ While Sprengporten can hold a sword, “ the king has nothing to command.”

It was feared he would go to Russia, and Prince Charles wrote to me, in the name of the monarch, desiring I would exert myself, to the utmost, to become intimate with him, and persuade him to return to Sweden. No task could have been more difficult. He was a man of unbounded pride, which, notwithstanding the greatness of his abilities, rendered him either a fool or a madman. He likewise despised every thing that was not Swedish.

Never did I undertake any affair with more ardour or better success: I accom-



plished my purpose, gained his friendship, an unlimited power over his mind, and restored him to his king and country.

The Prussian minister, count Hertzberg, the same year, came to Aix-la-Chapelle. I enjoyed the honour of his society and conversation three months, and every where accompanied this great man. To his liberality am I indebted, that I can, at present, return to my country with honour.—As often as they read this, let my children remember the reasons I have had for inculcating this gratitude in their infant hearts.

The time I had to spare was not spent in idleness; I attacked those sharpers, in my weekly writings, who attend at Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, to plunder both inhabitants and visitants, under the connivance of the magistracy: nor are there wanting foreign noblemen, who become the associates of these pests of society. The publication of such truths endangered my life from some of the desperadoes, who, when detected, had nothing more to lose. How powerful is an innocent life, how great that presence

of mind which conscious virtue inspires, nothing can more fully prove, than that I still exist, in despite of all the attempts of wicked and ignorant monks, and despicable sharpers.

Though my life was much disturbed, yet do I not repent of my manner of acting: many a youth, many a brave and worthy man have I preserved from destruction, detained from the gaming-table, and personally pointed out to them the most notorious sharpers. This was so injurious to Spa that the bishop of Liege himself, who enjoys a tax of forty per cent. on all their winnings, and therefore protects such villains, offered me an annual pension of five hundred guineas, if I would not come to Spa; or three per cent. on the winnings, would I but associate myself with Colonel N——t, and raise recruits for the gaming-table. My answer may easily be imagined, yet, for this, was I threatened to be excommunicated by the holy catholic church.

I and my family passed the greatest part of sixteen summers in Spa. My house be-

came the rendezvous of the best and most respectable part of the company, and I was personally known to some of the most respectable characters in Europe.

Through life it has been my constant desire to act for the benefit of others, and to obtain justice for the whole world, as well as for myself. Fatal experience has convinced me how visionary such schemes are. —By an effort of this kind I gave myself new cause of uneasiness.

A contest arose between the town of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Baron Blankart, the master of the hounds to the Elector Palatine : it originated in a dispute concerning precedence, between the before-mentioned wife of the recorder, Geyer, (who was at this time mistress to Baron Blankart, and also to a young canon of the church), and the sister of the Burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle, Kahr, who governed that town with oriental despotism.

This quarrel was highly detrimental to the town, and to the Elector Palatine ; but,  
at

at the same time, highly profitable to Kahr, whose office it was to protect the rights of the town, as well as to those persons who were deputed to defend the claims of the Elector: the latter kept a faro-bank, the plunder of which had before enriched the town; and the former, Kahr, under pretence of defending their cause, embezzled the money of the people: so that both parties, instead of wishing to end, endeavoured, with all their power, to prolong the litigation.

It vexed me to the heart to see their proceedings. Those who suffered, on each side, were deceived; and I conceived the vain project of exposing the truth, and obliging these dishonest agents to an accommodation. For this purpose I journeyed to the electoral court, at Mannheim, related the facts to the Elector, produced a plan of accommodation, which he approved, and obtained full powers to act as arbitrator. The minister of the Elector, Bekkers, pretended highly to approve my honest zeal, conducted me himself to an audience, made me dine at his house, took



me to the opera, said a commission was made out for my son, and forwarded to Aix-la-Chapelle, which was a falsity, and, the moment he quitted me, sent post to Aix-la-Chapelle, thereby to frustrate the very attempt he pretended so much to applaud. He was himself in league with the parties. In fine, this honest, but silly, interference in what did not concern me, brought me only trouble, expence, and chagrin. I made five ineffectual journies to Mannheim, till at length I became so dissatisfied that I determined to quit Aix-la-Chapelle, and purchase an estate in Austria, where I might live in philosophic ease, and pursue the innocent avocations of agriculture.

The Bavarian contest was at this time in agitation: my own affairs brought me to Paris, and here I learned particular intelligence of great consequence: this I communicated to the Great Duke of Florence, on my return to Vienna. The Duke departed to join the army in Bohemia, and I had occasion again to write to him, and, from the importance of the subject, thought it my  
duty

duty to send a courier, at my own expence. The Duke shewed my letter to the Emperor; my intelligence was received, but I myself remained unnoticed.

I did not think myself very safe, in foreign countries, during the time of war, and therefore purchased the lordship of Zwerbach, with appurtenances, which, with the concomitant expences, cost me sixty thousand florins. This lordship was in a ruinous condition, and was to be restored by my money and industry.

To conclude this purchase, I was obliged, at great expence, to solicit, during eleven months, the referendary, Zetto, whose present habitation is the house of correction, and his good friend whom he had appointed as my curator, and my new estate was likewise made a *Fidei commissum*, for my kind referendaries and curators would not let me escape contribution. The six thousand florins, of which, in one year, they exonerated my purse, would have done my family much service.

In May, 1780, I went to Aix-la-Chapelle, where my wife's mother died, in

July, and in September, my wife, myself, and family, all came to Vienna.

My wife solicited the mistress of the ceremonies to obtain an audience. Her request was granted; and she had the good fortune to gain the entire approbation and favour of the Empress. Her kindness was beyond expression: she herself introduced my wife to the Arch-Duchess, as an example for women, and commanded her grand mistress of the ceremonies to present her every where. “ You were unwilling,” said she, “ to accompany your husband into my country, but I hope to convince you that you may live happier in Austria, than at Aix-la-Chapelle.” She said many other things equally kind.

She next day sent me her decree, assuring me of a pension of four hundred florins, adding this should not be all she would do for me.

My wife petitioned the Empress to grant me an audience; her request was complied with, and the Empress said to me, “ This  
“ is

“ is the third time in which I would have  
 “ made your fortune, had you been so  
 “ disposed.” The audience lasted long ;  
 her discourse was that of a matron. She  
 desired to see my children, adding, “ So  
 “ excellent a mother must have brought  
 “ you charming children.” She then  
 spoke of my writings. “ How much good  
 “ might you do,” said she, “ would  
 “ you but write in the cause of religion !”

The prospect now seemed to brighten,  
 and a happy futurity to approach. My  
 wife received more honour and attention,  
 while she remained at Vienna, than many  
 of the first ladies of the city.

We departed for Zwerbach, where we  
 lived contentedly, but, when we were pre-  
 paring to return to Vienna, and solicit the  
 restitution of a part of my lost fortune du-  
 ring this momentary sunshine of the court,  
 the great Teresa died, and all my hopes  
 were over-cast.

I forgot to relate, that after my favour-  
 able audience, the Arch-Duchess, Maria  
 Anna, spoke to me in the name of the Em-  
 press, and desired me to translate a religi-



ous work, written in French, by the Abbé Baudrand into German. I replied, I should have little success in translation, but that I would obey her Majesty's commands. I began my work, took passages from Baudrand, but inserted more of my own, though the censor was less fastidious in the examination of what was entitled a translation. The first volume was finished in six weeks; the Empress thought it admirable. The second soon followed, and I presented this myself. She asked me if it equalled the first: I answered, I hoped it would be found more excellent. "No," said she, "I never in my life, read a better book;" and added, she much wondered how I could write so well and so quick. I promised another volume within a month.

Before the third was ready, Teresa died, and my expectations descended with her to the grave. She continually gave orders, on her death-bed, to have the writings of Baron Trenck read to her; and, though her confessor well knew the injustice that had been done me, and all I had lost, yet,  
in

in these her last moments, when he had the most favourable of all opportunities, he kept a dastardly silence, though he had given me his sacred promise to speak in my behalf.

The censor permitted me after her death, and the Arch-Duchess even commanded, that I should print what I have here stated in the preface to that third volume, and this was my only satisfaction.

Untoward, indeed, has ever been my fate. For one and thirty years had I been soliciting my right, which I never could obtain, because the Empress was deceived by wicked men, and believed me an arch-heretic. In the thirty-second, my wife had the good fortune to convince her this was false; she had determined to make me restitution, and my children fortunate, and just at this moment she died.

Oh Fortune, how dost thou sport with the passions of men! Yet, was it not so much the fault of fortune, as of myself, I was at length humble enough to accept justice as a favour, but then it was too late.

My heart was conscious of not needing favour or forgiveness, for I had never done ill; therefore did I continue unfortunate; I chose the narrow path of innocence, my enemies the open field of vice. Their station was the strongest, and they have kept possession, all contest is now past, I am too old, and need rest.

For my children's sake have I written this history, have told these open truths which perhaps may draw down new persecutions on my head. The friends of innocence will be their friends. I have taught them to live satisfied in this world, with what is necessary, and without that which is superfluous. Be this their inheritance, instead of their great Sclavonian estates; for the rest, I leave it to God, and that good fame in which their forefathers have always lived.

The pension granted my wife by the Empress, in consequence of my misfortunes, and our numerous family, we only enjoyed nine months.

Of this she was deprived by the new monarch,

narch, who suppressed that, and various other pensions, as burthensome to the state. He perhaps knew nothing of the affair, as I never solicited. Yet much has it grieved me. Perhaps I may find relief when the sighs wrung from me shall reach the heart of the father of his people, in this my last writing. At present, nothing for me remains, but to live unknown, and buried in Zwerbach.

After the death of the Empress, that I might fulfil every duty to my family, I wrote to the Emperor, desirous to be fully informed of what I had to hope. This was my memorial.

“ Most Gracious Emperor,

“ In a work printed at Aix-la-Chapelle,  
 “ in 1772, the most essential parts of which  
 “ I had the honour to present to you, in  
 “ 1765, in manuscript, is the following  
 “ passage :

‘ All oppressed subjects ought, at stated  
 ‘ hours, to have access to the throne; those  
 ‘ who should prefer false complaints, seek  
 ‘ to deceive, or to obtain unmerited favours,  
 ought



“ ought to be made public examples,  
 “ and stand mutilated in the pillory.”

“ I, most gracious Sovereign, am the  
 “ first who will pronounce judgment on  
 “ myself, if I am not able to prove I have  
 “ been most unjustly oppressed under the  
 “ reign of the great Maria Teresa, and  
 “ deprived of an immense property by  
 “ unjust judges, and men in power ; I  
 “ therefore humbly pray a judge may be  
 “ appointed, before whom I may be per-  
 “ mitted to produce my proofs.

“ I am,

“ Gracious Monarch,

“ Your ever faithful subject,

“ TRENCK.”

In vain did I hope an answer : my petition remained unnoticed, unregarded.

The Emperor thought proper to collect the legacies and monies bestowed on hospitals, into one fund. The system was wise and good. My cousin Trenck, as I have before said, had bequeathed thirty-six thousand florins to a hospital for the  
 poor

poor of Bavaria, who had been ruined by him, and his pandours. This I shewed he had no right to do, having deducted the sum from the family estates; I therefore petitioned the Emperor that these thirty-six thousand florins might be restored, as by right they ought, to me and my children, who were the people whom Trenck had indeed made poor, nothing of the property of his acquiring having been left to pay this legacy, but, on the contrary, the money having been violently exacted from mine.

Alas ! The memorial came before those who were ill informed of the truth, or deemed the enquiry too laborious. In a few days it was determined I should be answered in the same tone in which, for six and thirty years past, all my petitions and remonstrances had been answered :

THE REQUEST OF THE PETITIONER  
CANNOT BE GRANTED.

Fortune, my irreconcilable enemy, persecuted me even in my retreat. Within six years, two destructive hailstorms swept  
away

away my crops ; one year was a misgrowth ; there were seven floods ; a rot among my sheep ; all possible calamities befel me, and my manor.

The estate had been totally ruined, the ponds were to drain, the mansion-house to repair, three farms were to be put into a proper condition, and the whole new stocked. This rendered me poor, especially as my wife's fortune had been sunken in law-suits at Aix la Chapelle and Cologne.

The unfortunate, miserable peasants had nothing, therefore, nothing could pay ; I, on the contrary, was obliged to advance them money. My sons assisted me ; and we laboured with our hands ; my wife, an excellent woman, though accustomed to the affluence of the great world, yet, anxious to fulfil the duties of a mother, took care of eight children, without so much as the help of a maid. We lived in poverty and wretchedness, obliged to earn our daily bread by the sweat of the brow ; and, had the Emperor, by chance, amid his peregrinations, visited Zwerbach, he would have

have beheld the abode of industry and virtue, exerting themselves to fulfil all the duties of man, and our sufferings had certainly be less severe.

Enough : I have aided myself. The monarch, who oppressed, never beheld me crouching to his power. I have deserved a fate more favourable ; I avoided a place where men are not actuated by the love of men, and hid myself in my Zwerbach : I sighed, said nothing, wrote much, feared no man, and rather desired to seek the world's utmost boundaries, than live a witness of certain scenes.

The greatest of all my misfortunes was my treatment in the military court, where Zetto and Krugel were my referendaries. Zetto had clogged me with a curator, and when the cow had no more milk to give, they then began to torture me with depositions, sequestrations, administrations, and executions. Nineteen times was I obliged, personally, to attend in Vienna within two years, and to travel fourteen posts each time at my own expence.



pence. This alone ate up my income. Every six years must I pay an attorney to dispute, wrangle, and quarrel, in my behalf, with the curator. Their mutual squabbles filled huge rolls of writing, for all of which I, in the conclusion, was obliged to pay. If any affair was to be expedited, I, by a third hand, was obliged to send the referendary some excellent ducats. Did he give judgment, still that judgment lay fourteen months inefficient, and, when it then appeared, the copy was false, and so was sent to the upper courts, the high referendary of which said "I must be dislodged from Zwerbach."

True it is, no such sentence was ever inserted in their proceedings, and, probably, he in turn may be dislodged himself from the seat of judgment, and once more become the companion of the honorable Zetto, in the house of correction. So shall his power be lost, to dislodge, to banish, worthy citizens from the territories of Austria.

They

They obliged me at last to purchase my naturalization. I sent to Prussia for my pedigree, where the family had been known four hundred years; the attestation of this was sent me by Count Hertzberg. Although the family of Trenck had a hundred years been landholders in Hungary, yet was my attorney, by order of the court, obliged to solicit the instrument called ritter-diploma, for which, under pain of execution, I must pay two thousand florins. Thus are men treated in Vienna, and this treatment I certainly shall not soon forget.

By decree, a Prussian nobleman is not noble in Austria? In Austria! Where every lackey, every worthless fellow, can purchase a diploma, making him a knight of the empire, for twelve hundred wretched florins! Where money is the only merit necessary for acquiring the title of Count! Where such men as P— and Grassalkowitz have purchased the dignity of PRINCE!

I am, at length, suffered to be at rest. They, by whom I was persecuted, instead  
of

cleansing courts of justice, cleanse the streets. They may, perhaps, soon have company.

Tortured by courts, terrified by hail-storms, I determined to dread them no more, determined to depend on the productions of my pen, and to publish a collection of my works in eight volumes, and this history of my life.

Fourteen months accomplished this purpose. My labours found a favourable reception through all Germany, procured me money, esteem, and honour, and I will now no more struggle through my few remaining years under the burthen of law-suits, curators, referendaries, attornies, courts of justice, and the unworthy in authority. I will live as if I never had possessed any property on this poor earth but what is included within my own head. By my own writings only will I seek the means of existence; by my writings only endeavour to obtain the approbation and the love of men.

For this I need not be of any country, want no title, no protection, no court favour,

your, no lordships, no particular place of abode, no uniform, no *Fidei commiss*-curator! I am a free burger of the world, dependent on no earthly prince; and to my children I will leave my literary property. This nothing can confiscate.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 22d of August, 1786, the news arrived that Frederic the Great had left this world!

\* \* \* \* \*

The present reigning monarch, the best among the friends of men, the witness of my sufferings in my native country, immediately sent me a royal passport for Berlin. The confiscation of my estates was annulled, and my deceased brother, in Prussia, had left my children his heirs!

\* \* \* \* \*

I journey, with the imperial permission, back to my country, which I have been two and forty years expelled! I journey—not as a pardoned malefactor, but as a man whose innocence has been established by the whole tenor of his actions, has been  
proved



proved in his writings, and who is journeying to receive his reward !

Here I shall once more encounter my old friends, my relations, and those who have known me in the day of my affliction. Here shall I appear, not as my country's Traitor, but as my country's Martyr ! The Martyr of Virtue !

What is the expansion of my soul at obtaining that for which I so long have laboured ! What my joy at the prospect of futurity, at the victory which fortitude, honour, and truth, unshaken, have won ! I imagined my end would have been, what my life was, tragical ! But a different scene opens to my view. Of this resplendent scene again shall I appear one, and now have I to prove I am the very man I have so often asserted myself to be, in this mournful history. Yet is it a great undertaking for a grey head, become grey in its contests with misfortune, and requiring retirement and rest. Slumbering ambition, lulled by philosophy, again is roused, animates and inspires my soul, prompting me

to seek that reward for others which once I sought for myself. To them I leave my name and rights ; to them, whom, not requiring their consent, I called into existence ; who, from the example of their father, contemplating the past, might imagine this nether world only the hell of man, and that they must first expect the rewards of virtue beyond the grave, had they not learned, from my example, also to expect better of futurity. Yes, for my eight children will I still live ; I will conduct them into those paths of honour in which I was myself conducted by my ancestors : paths to me so gloomy, yet so glorious.

Safe am I arrived in haven, a weather beaten, but experienced, shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life's perturbed shores ; often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered.

Possible, though little probable, are still future storms. For these, also, am I prepared. Long had I reason daily to curse the rising sun, and, setting, to behold

it with horror. Death to me appears the greatest benefit; a certain passage from agitation to peace, from motion to rest. I fear not the terrific dreams of futurity. As for my children, they, jocund in youth, delight in present existence. When I have fulfilled the duties of a father, to live or die will then be as I shall please; nor is it impossible but a remarkable supplement may follow, of the strange vicissitudes of this my life, in which I may speak more openly of things I have been, in prudence, obliged partly to conceal.

Thou, oh God! my righteous judge, didst ordain that I should be, that I might remain, an example of suffering to the world; thou madest me what I am, gavest me these strong passions, these quick nerves, this universal glow, this thrilling of the blood, when I behold injustice. Strong was my mind, that deeply it might meditate on deep subjects; strong my memory, that these meditations I might retain; strong my body, that proudly it might support all it has pleased thee to inflict.

Could

Could I believe, with St. Paul, that there are, indeed, vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, then might I affirm that, to such, this world were a hell. But not so: with the eyes of philosophy I contemplate the good God, who himself is void of wrath, revenge, or the poor passions by which his poor creatures are tortured. Him have I to thank for enabling me to encounter and to conquer a host of troubles, and leaving me still in being to reap the fruit of my victories.

Should I continue to exist, should identity go with me, and should I know what I was then, when I was called Trenck; when that combination of particles which Nature commanded should compose this body, shall be decomposed, scattered, or in other bodies united; when I have no muscles to act, no brain to think, no retina on which pictures can mechanically be painted, my eyes wasted, and no tongue remaining to pronounce the Creator's name, should I still behold a Creator; then, oh then, will my spirit mount, and



indubitably associate with the spirits of the just, that expectant wait their golden harps, and glorious crowns, from the most high God——For human weakneses, human failings, arising from our nature, springing from our temperament, which the Creator has ordained, shall be even thus, and no otherwise ; for these have I suffered enough on earth ; for these can I have nothing to fear beyond the grave, from a just God, who made me man, and not angel, and stationed me in that world in which his own hand had mingled good and evil.

Such is my confession of faith : in this have I lived, in this will I die. The duties of a man, and of a Christian, I have fulfilled ; nay, often have exceeded, often have been too benevolent, too generous ; perhaps also too proud, too vain ; I could not bend, although liable to be broken. Many a sleepless night has a noble thirst of knowledge made me pass. Existence was given man to be employed—I shall have sleep enough in eternal night.

That

That I have not served the world in acts and employments where best I might, is, perhaps, my own fault; the fault of my manner, which is now too radical to be corrected, in this my sixtieth year.—Yes, I acknowledge my failing, acknowledge it unblushingly; nay, glory in the pride of a noble nature. Joy shall spring up and quicken in my heart, when my example, the instructions I give to youth, shall teach them, idle and thoughtless as they often are, virtue and wisdom, and thus ensure their happiness. Joy shall make my white locks again youthful, when grey beards shall learn, from me, to think and act more honourably, and to die tranquilly. Joy shall gain enlighten my soul, when the deceitful shall become honest; the idle industrious; the ignorant learned; the slave a free man; and the man of sin, upright, just, and benevolent.

For myself, I ask nothing of those who, having read my history, shall become my friends, for nothing I need; but to them do I commit my wife and children. My

eldest son is a lieutenant in the Tuscany regiment of cavalry, under General Lascey, and does honour to his father's principles. The second serves his present Prussian majesty, as ensign in the Posadowsky dragoons, with equal promise. The third is still a child.—My daughters will make worthy men happy, for they have imbibed virtue and gentleness with their mother's milk. Monarch's may hereafter remember what I have suffered, what I have lost, and what is due to my ashes. With this reflection I calmly quit the world.

Here do I publicly declare——I will seek no other revenge against my enemies than that of despising their evil deeds. It is my wish, and shall be my endeavour, difficult as is the task, to forget the past, and, having committed no offence, neither will I solicit monarchs for favour and posts of honour, but, as I have lived a free man, a free man will I die.

Let the wise and benevolent reader grant me compassion, and, by my example, avoid much of that misery in which too  
much

much rashness, or too little caution, has involved me.

He, whose untimely ambition impels him to undertakings beyond his strength; he, who concerns himself with affairs not properly his own; he, who erects himself into a reformer of this world's abuses, will be the martyr of virtue, or, perhaps, the dupe of folly, and, after having lived persecuted, may even have the fortune to die despised.

I conclude this part of my history on the evening preceding my journey to Berlin; now, when I take leave of my beloved wife and children. Grant, oh God, that for them I may journey! God grant I may encounter no new afflictions, to be inserted in the third volume of this tragical history. —Higher and better be my hopes.

Dated at the Castle of Zwerbach,  
December 18th, 1786.

TRENCK.



I concluded the second volume\* of my life with preparations for my journey to Berlin, whence the magnanimous Frederic William sent me the desired passport. This journey I cheerfully prepared to undertake, but my ever envious fate threw me on the bed of sickness, insomuch that small hope remained I ever should again behold the country of my forefathers, or outlive the moment which I had been twenty years in anxious expectation of beholding. I seemed following the *Great Frederic* to the mansions of the dead; then should I never have concluded my second volume, have written this my third, or obtained the victory by which I am now so gloriously crowned.

A variety of obstacles being overcome, I found it necessary to make a journey into Hungary, which was one of the most renovating and pleasant of my whole life.

\* Former Edition.

Wherever I went, especially at Ofen and Pest, I met that honourable reception, that sensibility of soul, the full enjoyment of which, he only can feel, who solely seeks the approbation of the wise, the worthy, and the just. I have no words to express my sensations, my ardent wishes for the welfare of a nation, where I met so many proofs of honourable friendship. Wherever I appeared, I was welcomed, and followed with that love and enthusiasm which only await the fathers of their country. The valour of my cousin Trenck, who died ingloriously in the Spielberg, the loss of my great Hungarian estates, the fame of my writings, and the cruelty of my sufferings, had gone before me. These must I thank for a reception which I never can forget. The officers of the army, the nobles of the land, alike testified the warmth of their esteem.

Such is the reward of the upright; such too are the proofs that this nation knows the just value of fortitude and virtue. Have I not reason to glory in this; to publish

my gratitude, and, to recommend my children to those who, when I am no more, shall dare uprightly to determine concerning the rights which have unjustly been snatched from me in Hungary? For myself, I am content, nay rewarded, when commiserated as a martyr to the love of truth, of which I have ever stood the undaunted advocate.

Not a man in Hungary, those only excepted who were interested in my oppression, but will proclaim I have been unjustly dealt by: yet have I good reason to suspect I never shall find redress. Sentence has been already given; judges, more honest, cannot, without difficulty, reverse old decrees; and the present possessors of my fine estates, are also too powerful, too intimate with the governors of the earth, for me to hope I shall hereafter be more happy. God knows my heart:—I wish the present possessors may render services to the state, equal to those rendered by the family of the Trencks; or to those that family would have rendered, had its capability,  
and

and the uprightness of its intentions, been sooner and more properly estimated.

There is little probability I should ever behold my worthy and noble friends in Hungary more. Here I bid them adieu, promising them to endeavour to pass the remainder of my life so as still to merit the approbation of a people, with whose ashes I would most willingly have mingled my own. May the God of heaven prosper their undertakings ! May the God of heaven preserve every Hungarian from a fate similar to mine ! A fate, which still unredressed, I suffer ; and, with sighs and despair, to suffer must still continue.

The Croats have ever been reckoned rude and uncultivated. In Vienna, men talk of their seminaries, their academies, and their science : yet, among this rude and uncultivated people, I found more subscribers to my writings than among all the learned men of Vienna ; and, in Hungary, more than in all the remainder of the Austrian dominions.



The wise literati of the capital are little in quest of freedom. The Hungarians, the unlettered Croats, seek information. The polished people of Vienna ask their confessors, permission to read instructive books. Various subscribers, having read the first volume of my works, brought it back, and re-demanded their money, because some monk had told them it was a book dangerous to be read. The very judges of their courts have re-sold them to the booksellers, for a few pence, or given them to those who had the care of their consciences, to burn.

The Hungarians have read with avidity ; have thanked me most sincerely for the instruction they had received, and the attempts I had made to destroy vulgar prejudices. In Vienna, alone, was my life decried as a romance ; in Hungary, on the contrary, I found the compassion of men, their friendship, and effectual aid. Had my book been the production of an Englishman, good wishes would not have been his only reward : lords and ladies would  
have

have subscribed, to have procured him ease, and the state itself would have selected him as a man who, in justice, must have retribution.

We poor German writers have censors and interested critics to encounter, if we would speak truth, and unmask injustice; and, if a book finds a rapid sale, mean and dishonest printers issue spurious editions, defrauding the author of his labours. Such privileged wretches derive profit from theft, yet associate themselves in companies, appear in the society of honest men, and are enabled, by their ill-gotten gains, to purchase patents of nobility in Vienna: yet courts of justice, that would execute a man, as a thief, whom hunger had compelled to steal a loaf of bread, behold these practices with indifference. Such governments are ignorant of the real influence of knowledge on the wealth and power of states. To keep the useful writer poor and unprotected, or not to incite his industry by honour and reward, is political ignorance and error of infinite importance.

Want of teachers is want of knowledge. Men of genius, unsupported, will quit their country ; or, if they remain, will be devoured by chagrin and conflicting passions, or waste their lives in exertions merely mechanical. Industry unrewarded, flumbers inactive ; and, where true science is not, there will the libraries and minds of men be loaded with contemptible and destructive theological disputes. Priestcraft and Rome flourish, and the state remains in ignorance. Useful men are wanting in countries where the canons of the church and military tactics can subject and destroy, but cannot enlighten and regenerate.

The encouragement of the learned produces able and scientific teachers, and, from their seminaries, men of genius occasionally come forth. If obliged to write for their daily bread, the minds of such men begin to de'pond ; paid by the sheet, they write hastily, instead of producing those beautiful original works, of which they are capable. The world is thus inundated

undated with books and pamphlets ; the undiscerning reader knows not which to select ; the more intelligent are disgusted, or do not read at all ; and a work of merit thus becomes as little profitable to the author as to the state.

The reader will pardon this digression, and will further permit me to remark, that those critical writings, the intent of which is only to discover faults in, and blame all other writings, serve but to depress the first efforts of genius, and injure the best of authors in the opinion of the ill-judging ; yet he who criticises will gain as much as he who invents.

Those who have read the writings of Gellert, are still desirous of hearing what slander and envy have to alledge. Curiosity induces us to seek the aid of optics, that we may discover the spots in the sun, and those the simple gazer imagines he has seen, when the impostor, that presents the telescope, has previously spotted the glass.

The man who invents does but smile at those who attend only to the order of words, or  
the



the placing of commas ; or who detect him in having, for a moment, forgotten his grammar : yet such insects must exist.—The caterpillar will destroy the bloom of the peach, nay, will devour the fruit ; but what should be said to the gardiner, who, therefore, roots up the tree, or so lops its branches as to render it barren ;—what, indeed, should he plant the thistle in its place ?

I left Vienna on the 5th of January, and came to Prague. Here I found nearly the same reception as in Hungary ; my writings had been universally read. Citizens, noblemen, and noble ladies, treated me with like favour and friendship ; may they, as they merit, live happy, in connubial love ! may the monarch know how to value and employ men of generous feelings and enlarged understandings, whom here, contrary to expectation, I found !

I reluctantly bade adieu to Prague, and continued my journey to Berlin. Here, in Bohemia, I took leave of my son, a lieutenant in the second regiment of carabineers,

neers, who saw his grey-headed father, and his two brothers, destined for the Prussian service, depart. He felt the full weight of this separation: I reminded him of his duty to the state he served; I spoke of the fearful fate of his uncle and father in Austria, and of the possessors of our vast estates in Hungary.—He shrunk back—a look from his father pierced him to the soul—tears stood in his eyes—his youthful blood flowed quick, and the following expressions burst suddenly from his lips:—“I call God to witness, that I will prove myself worthy of my father’s name, and that, while I live, his enemies shall be mine.”

What are the feelings of a father, who in his son embraces his friend! His brothers wept, nor could I retain my tears. The best opportunities this to instil the best of principles; and here I remind them of the holy covenant we then made—charging them to read this, and remember it when I am laid low in the grave. The monarch, who shall wish to retain them in his service, may rest assured of their fidelity, zeal,

zeal, and their powers of mind.—Actuated by the noblest spirit of ambition, they will endure no dishonour ; and so, not enduring, only, will they fulfil my wishes and commands.

At Peterwalde, in the road to Dresden, my carriage broke down ; my life was endangered, and my son received a contusion in the arm. The erysipelas broke out on him at Berlin, and I could not present him to the King during a month after my arrival.

I had been but a short time at Berlin before the well-known minister, Count Hertzberg, with whom I had been acquainted at Aix-la-Chapelle, received me with all possible kindness. Every man to whom his private and internal worth are known, not seeking the addition of titles, will congratulate the state that has the wisdom and good fortune to bestow on him so high an office. His scholastic and practical learning, his knowledge of languages, his acquaintance with the profound sciences, are indeed wonderful. His discourse is elo-

4

quent,

quent, his writings are original, his character noble, and his heart feeling. His zeal for his country is ardent, his love of his king unprejudiced, his industry admirable, his firmness that of a man, and his behaviour in private amiable, and destitute of ministerial arrogance. He is the most experienced and best informed man in the Prussian states, on the subject of internal œconomy. He harangues most instructively in the assemblies of the Royal Academy of Berlin, and speaks with equal affability and philanthropy to the poor peasant. The very enemies of his country may rely on his word : the establishment of the Prussian power is the object of his heart, though he is incapable of seeking even this in the insidious paths of Machiavelian politics. The artful he can encounter with art ; those who menace, with defiance and fortitude ; and, with wise foresight, can avert the rising storm. The duties of his laborious station he himself fulfils. He seeks not splendor in sumptuous entertainments, and ostentatious retinue ; but, if he can only enrich  
the



the state, and behold the people happy, he is himself willing to remain poor. His estate, Bries, near Berlin, is no Chanteloup, but a model for those patriots who would study œconomy. Here he, every Wednesday, after severe fatigue, enjoys recreation. The services he renders the kingdom cost it only five thousand rix-dollars yearly; he therefore lives without ostentation, yet becoming his state, and with splendor when splendor is necessary. He does not, like other ministers, plunder the public treasury that he may preserve his own property. The labours he performs render his life unenviable, nor will his death be rich.

This Man, whom without flattery I have described, is he who will live so conspicuous in the annals of Prussia; he who was so incessantly employed under the great Frederic; who so much contributed to make him great; had so much influence in the cabinets of Europe; so much drew the attention of thinking men; who alone enjoyed the confidence and honour of being  
admitted

admitted a witness of the last actions, the last sensations, of his dying king; yet who, during his whole life, favoured as he was by this king, never asked, nor ever received the least gratuity. This is the minister whose personal conversation I had two months the happiness to partake at Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, whose approbation I obtained, whose welfare is the wish of my heart, and whose memory I shall ever revere. Ample be the rewards his country shall bestow! Never may envy detract from his merits, or disquiet his grey hairs, when he shall find reason, at length, to live for himself, or with glory to lay down that burthen, which no other single man will be found potent enough to bear!

I was received with distinction at his table, where I associated with the most learned members of the Berlin-Academy, and became acquainted with those whose science most had benefited and honoured the Prussian states; nor was any thing more flattering to my self-love, than that  
men

men like these should think me worthy their friendship.

Not many days passed before I was presented at court by the Prussian chamberlain, Prince Sacken; as it is not customary at Berlin for a foreign subject to be presented by the minister of his own court. Though a Prussian subject, I wore the imperial uniform.

The King received me with remarkable condescension: all eyes were directed toward me, each person took me by the hand, each welcomed me to my country. This moved me the more by being remarked by the foreign ministers, who asked, with surprise, who that Austrian officer could be who was received with so much affection, and such evident joy, in Berlin. The gracious Monarch himself gave tokens of a noble pleasure, at beholding me thus surrounded. Among the rest, came the worthy and honourable general Pritwitz, who embraced me, and said aloud—

“ This is the gentleman who might have  
“ ruined

“ruined me, to effect his own deliver-  
“ance.”

Confused at so public a declaration, I desired him to expound this riddle; and he added——

“I was obliged to be one of your guards  
“on your unfortunate journey, from Dant-  
“zic to Magdeburg, in the year 1754,  
“when I was a lieutenant. On the road  
“I left my escort behind, and continued  
“alone with you in an open carriage.  
“This gave you an opportunity to escape,  
“but you forbore. I afterwards saw the  
“danger to which I had exposed myself.  
“Had you been less noble-minded, had  
“such a prisoner escaped, through my  
“negligence, I had certainly been ruined.  
“The king believed you alike dangerous,  
“and deserving of punishment. I, therefore,  
“here publicly acknowledge you as my fa-  
“viour, and am in gratitude your friend.”

The reader need but refer to the first volume, and he will find this noticed; but, when I wrote it, I knew not the generous man, who wished me so well, was the pre-  
sent



sent General Pritwitz. That he should himself remind me of this incident does him the greater honour.

The magnanimity of the action might be called in doubt by all who do not know that, even in chains, I might have escaped, would I have deceived those who honoured me with their confidence. When imprisoned in Glatz, I was permitted to hunt ; a friend remained in my bed, and I returned, as a man of honour ought. My established character in this respect was public in Magdeburg. I have given repeated proofs that I would not owe my own welfare to another's misfortune : yet I myself doubt the motives of my own conduct in journeying from Dantzic. The confidential manner in which I was treated lulled me into security ; my conscience, void of guilt, could not lead me to dread the miseries of Magdeburg—In fine, my fate so would have it that I should remain ten years imprisoned. Could I have foreseen, could I have suspected what I was to suffer, I should probably have escaped, and the  
worthy

worthy Pritwitz would have been cashiered.

In all the various accidents of life, when in danger, I have never hesitated, but suddenly resolved, and sometimes rashly—this journey alone excepted. Such is the intricacy of the fate of man, a clue to which the wise will not attempt to find. Why was I at one moment so irresolute, and so head-strong at every other? Why does the bravest soldier at certain times appear a coward, and, thereby, lose all former hard-earned fame? Why does the coward himself feel intervals of courage? The body's injuries add to, or diminish, the mind's vigour. The will depends on the stomach's concoction. He, whose rapid circulation never suffers him to stand still, yet cannot rise and dance, if suffering from indigestion. If the weather be gloomy, so often will be the intellect. Such are mechanical causes; he who would seek reasons more sublime, which I have not to give, must apply to his guardian angel, or the swarming sprites of Swedenburg,

denburg, and there he shall find shade without body, and body without shade.

Having been introduced at court, I thought it necessary to observe customary ceremonies, and was presented by the Imperial ambassador Prince Reufs to all foreign ministers, and such families as are in the routine of admitting such visits. I was received by the Prince Royal, the reigning Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the whole royal family, in the various palaces, with esteem and favour never to be forgotten. His royal highness Prince Henry, the well-known partaker of his brother's glory, invited me to a private audience, continued long in conversation with me, testified the utmost compassion at what I had undergone, promised me his future protection, admitted me to his private concerts, and made me stay and sup at court.

A like reception I experienced in the palace of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, where I frequently dined and supped. His princess, well worthy a crown, took delight in hearing my narratives, and in  
my

my knowledge of men and manners, and loaded me with favours.

Prince Ferdinand's mode of educating his children is exemplary and well worthy imitation. From this family, the world, with good reason, has much to expect. The sons are instructed in the soldier's duties, their bodies are inured to the inclemencies of weather, such as the meanest man in an army must support; they are taught to ride, to swim, and are steeled to all the fatigues of war. Therefore is their growth like the cedar in Libanon, and their minds as exalted. Princely pride they only know to despise. Their hearts are formed for friendship, and pant to acquire all the fame of noble deeds, which, for this reason, they cannot fail to attain. Happy the state wherein they are born! Happy the nation in defence of which they are to act!

Never yet has flattery degraded my pen, nor be it now suspected, when I saw how highly I honour their noble mother, who has educated her sons for their country's



good, teaching them not the effeminate and contemptible vices, but, the high duties of princes, accustomed them like men to labour, like men to grow wise.

I speak from knowledge, therefore my word is not liable to reproof. I have said too little. The selection of those who were to teach them wisdom, to improve their natural talents, instruct them to govern their passions, enlarge their views, and strengthen their love of mankind, was certainly most fortunate, and as well displays the penetration of those who chose them, as the views with which they were chosen.

How immense the difference between this and the mode I have seen practised in other countries, where, shuddering, I have beheld future despots in puny boys! How ridiculous these their *Royal Highnesses* appear, who, though born to rule, are not, in real worth or abilities, and deserving to be the lackeys of the least of those whom they treat with contempt; and yet who swell, strut, stride, and contemplate

plate themselves as creatures essentially different by nature, and of a superior rank in the scale of beings, though in reality, their minds are of the lowest, the meanest, class.

Happy the state whose prince is deeply impressed with a sense that the people are not his property, but he the property of the people! Would men ever have been scourged by the iron whip of arbitrary power, had not their minds, from infancy, been poisoned with slavish principles; had not the few wise been unable to actuate and inspire the crouching vassal swarm? A prince, beloved by his people, will ever render a nation more happy than he whose only wish is to inspire fear.

The pleasure I received at Berlin was great indeed. When I went to court, the honest citizens crowded to see me; and, when any one among them said "That is "Trenck," the rest would cry—"Welcome once more to your country!"—while many would reach me their hands, with the tears standing in their eyes. Frequent were the scenes I experienced of this kind.

kind. No pardoned malefactor would have been thus received——Oh no !——It was the sweet reward of innocence : this reward was fully bestowed throughout the Prussian territories.

Oh world, ill-judging world, deceived by show ! Dost thou not blindly follow the opinion of the prince, be he severe or indulgent, arbitrary or just ? The censure and the praise equally originate in common report. I am of this an exemplary proof. In Magdeburg I lay, chained to the wall, ten years, sighing in wretchedness, suffering every calamity of hunger, cold, nakedness, and contempt. And wherefore ? Because the King, deceived by slanderers, pronounced me worthy of punishment. Because a wise King mistook me, and treated me with barbarity. Because a prudent King knew he had done wrong, yet would not have it so supposed. So was his heart turned to stone ; nay, opposed by manly fortitude, was enraged to cruelty. Most men were convinced I was an innocent sufferer, “ Yet did they all cry out the more,

“ more, saying, let him be crucified !——

“ And why ? What evil hath he done ? ”

Frederic had pronounced the sentence. It was his will, and I must be deemed a malefactor. My very relations were ashamed to hear my name. My sister was barbarously treated because she compassionately assisted me in my misfortunes. No man durst openly avow himself my friend, durst own I merited compassion ; or, much less, that the infallible King had erred. I was the most despised, forlorn man on earth ; and, when thus put on the rack, had I there expired, my epitaph would have been, “ Here lies the traitor Trenck.”

Frederic is dead, and the scene is changed : another monarch has ascended the throne, and the grub is changed to a beautiful butterfly ! The sun is risen, and the light shines upon my history and myself. The witnesses to all I have asserted are still living, loudly now proclaim the truth, and embrace me with heartfelt affection. The universal contempt of error, which I so



long endured, is now changed to universal admiration and esteem !

The grandees of the earth, who, thirty years, or even as many months ago, Frederic being alive, would not have deigned a look, or deemed me worthy of the smallest compassion, not condescendingly embrace me ! Frederic William has done me justice. Frederic *the Great* lies silent, unable to gainsay the sentence ! I am yet the same ; great as is this change.

Does the worth of man depend upon his actions ? his reward or punishment upon his virtue ? In arbitrary states certainly not. They depend on the breath of a king ! Frederic was the most penetrating prince of his age, but the most obstinate also ; the most unrelenting whenever he encountered opposition, or, by persisting in, could disguise error. A vice dreadful to those whom he selected as victims, that thus be sacrificed to the promoting of his arbitrary views !

Suspicion may render a monarch less liable to be deceived on certain occasions,  
but

but to how many slanders and falsehoods is he exposed by this pernicious quality ! I had strength to support every thing Frederic had power to inflict ; nay, after all my sufferings, have lived to see the end of my royal foe ; to whose overgrown armies and uncircumscribed will I had nothing but patience and fortitude to oppose. But oh ! How many were there, like me groaning in dungeons, the victims of a fate so wretched, who now are no more ! Or who, now, if living, have not, like me, the means of publishing all the miseries they have endured ! How many perished the sin offerings of this obstinate self-will, whose orphan children now cry to God for vengeance ! How many of these orphans are obliged to utter their groans in secret ; because, their fathers have been cut off, they have no means of justification ! The dead, alas ! cannot plead. Trial began and ended with execution. The few words—IT IS THE KING'S COMMAND—were, indeed, words of horror to the poor condemned wretch denied to

plead his innocence!—Yet what is the *Ukase* (Imperial order) in Russia—*Tel est notre bon plaisir* (Such is our good pleasure) in France, or the *Allergnädigste Hof resolution* (The all gracious sentence of the court), pronounced with the sweet tone of a Vienna matron? In what do these differ from the arbitrary ORDER of a military despot?

Curled effects of court parasites, who persuade the god of their idolatry he is infallible! And infuse into his heart the false and destructive principle, that a king is superior to law! That the country over which he reigns is his property! And that the subject ought not to demand justice as a right, but crouch and receive it as a favour!

Every effort, every prayer of man, should be consecrated to man's general good; for him to obtain freedom and universal justice! Together would we cry with one voice, and, if unable to shackle arbitrary power, still should we endeavour to shew how dangerous it is! How despicable!

The

The priests of liberty should offer up their thanks to the monarch who declares *the word of power* a nullity, and *the sentence of justice* omnipotent ; who contemns the acts of an Alexander, or a Charles XII.

Woe to the monarch possessed of the destructive spirit of contest ! Woe to the country whose Quixote-ruler is ever in search of giants ! Woe to the people whom his fury dooms to the sword, or who are made the sanguinary instruments of desolation, death, or slavery to other nations ! Woe, tenfold woe, to that prince who would be adored by the adject wretches he has fettered ! Woe to him who is quick to punish, and slow to reward, or only employs his power in the gratification of his favourites ! The thirst of dominion and the thirst of blood are ever associated ! What wonder that he who equally sports with the rights and the heads of men, should be deaf to their groans ?

Instead of singing the acts of heroes in our songs, instead of raising them to the rank of heroes by our valour, we ought



much rather to praise and protect the friends of peace.

Who can name the court in Europe where Louis, Peter, or Frederic, each and all *The Great*, have not been, and are not, imitated as models of perfection? Lettres de cachet, the knout, and cabinet-orders, superseding all right, are become law! Judges, who legally should decide on our actions and our claims, are themselves but puppets: fearful of punishment, they are ever ready to inflict.

No reasoning, says the corporal to the poor grenadier, whom he canes!—No reasoning!—exclaim judges. The court has decided.—No reasoning, rash and pertinacious Trenck, will the prudent reader echo. Throw thy pen in the fire, and expose not thyself to become the martyr of state inquisition.

Yes, kind counsellor, I will follow thy advice. Let others beware how they expose themselves to like dangers, or let their narratives lie buried, till they themselves,  
being

being entombed, are no longer exposed to suffer.

Unremarked, my thoughts escape my pen, and lead me astray from my subject, when the remembrance of the past swells my veins, when swifter circulates my blood, and the deep wounds of my heart again gash forth—wounds that never can be healed—never can be cicatrized.—Such passages repose and reason would erase : but ah ! how may I repent having written the truth ? Neither have I time to re-copy what I write, and thus my writings justly incur blame from rigid criticism, and even from my best friends, who would persuade me to greater caution and prudence.

My fate is, and must to the grave remain, critical and undecided. I have six and thirty years been in the service of Austria, unrewarded ; and beholding the repeated and generous efforts I made, effectually to serve that state, unnoticed. The Emperor Joseph supposes me old, that the fruit is wasted, and that the husk only remains. In this he is wrong. The oppression

pression I have suffered is too great, even for an attempt at making me adequate satisfaction. It is also supposed I should not be satisfied with a little. This supposition is equally wrong. To continue him in oppression who has once been oppressed, and who possesses qualities that may make injustice manifest, is the policy of states. Neither do courtiers love the man, who, able to penetrate, may probably frustrate their insidious intents. How I have been treated by judges, referendaries, curators, I have perhaps too repeatedly urged? yet surely this will be forgiven me, though this is an additional reason why I never can obtain justice. My spirit has been too proud to implore, my nature too independent. My journey to Berlin has given the slanderer further opportunity of painting me as a suspicious character: I smile at the ineffectual attempt.

I appeared in the Imperial uniform, and, by my conduct, belied such insinuations. To this purpose it was written to  
court,

court, in November, when I went into Hungary, “The motions of Trenck ought to be observed in Hungary.” Ye poor malicious blood-suckers of the virtuous! Ye shall not be able to hurt a hair of my head. Ye cannot injure the man who has sixty years lived in honour. Thus the elephant moves along, regardless of the shouting mob! I will not, in my old age, bring upon myself the reproach of inconstancy, or desire of revenge. Nor Sultan, nor Great Mogul, shall allure me to slavery. I will betray no political secrets: I wish not to injure those by whom I have been injured.—Such acts will I never commit—Never—I never yet descended to the office of spy, nor will I die a rewarded villain.—Neither in Austria, nor Prussia, will I be made the instrument of a faction.

To your work, therefore, ye dealers in court enigmas; I here renounce your society; here publicly renounce the dignities of courts or armies, determined to live a private man, thankful only to those who shall treat me with friendship, or endeavour



your to obtain for me some part of that right which so justly is my due. These shall not repent that Trenck is their debtor, for his heart is grateful.

Yes, I appeared in Berlin, among the upright and the just. Instead of being its supposed enemy, I was declared an honour to my country. I appeared in the Imperial uniform, and fulfilled the duties of my station : and now must the Prussian Trenck return to Austria, there to perform a father's duty, having already done more for this country than could have been expected from an oppressed man.

Yet more of what happened in Berlin.

Some days after I had been presented to the King, and supped with the Queen, I entreated a private audience ; and, on the 12th of February, received the following letter,

“ IN answer to your letter of the 9th of  
 “ this month, which has been given me,  
 “ I *gladly* inform you that, if you will come  
 “ to me to-morrow, at five o'clock in the  
 “ after-

“ afternoon, I shall have *the pleasure* to see  
“ and speak with you ; meantime I pray  
“ God to take you into his holy keeping.

“ FREDERIC WILLIAM.

“ Berlin, Feb. 12,

“ 1787.

“ P. S. After signing the above, I find  
“ it more convenient to appoint to morrow  
“ at nine in the morning, about which time  
“ you will come into the apartment named  
“ the Marmor Kammer (marble chamber).”

The anxiety with which I expected this wished-for interview may well be conceived. I found the Prussian Titus alone, and he continued in conversation with me more than an hour.

How condescending, how kind was the monarch ! How great ! How nobly did he console me for the past ! How entirely did his assurance of favour overpower my whole soul ! He had read the history of my life. When Prince of Prussia, he had  
been

been an eye-witness, in Magdeburg, of my martyrdom, and my attempts to escape. Many circumstances he recollected himself, and he inquired of those who had been present, and who confirmed the truth of my narrative, and the severity of my calamities — Long shall I remember these fortunate moments : yet these are fled. His Majesty parted from me with tokens of confirmed esteem and condescension.—My eyes bade adieu, but my heart remained in the marble chamber, in company with a prince capable of sensations so dignified ; and my wishes for his welfare are eternal.

I have since travelled through the greater part of the Prussian states. Where is the country in which the people are all satisfied ? Many complained of oppressions, hard times, or industry unrewarded. My general answer was :

“ Friends, kneel with the rising sun, and  
 “ thank the God of heaven that you are  
 “ Prussians. I have seen and known much  
 “ of this world, and I assure you, on my  
 “ honour, you are among the happiest  
 “ people

“ people in Europe. Causes of complaint  
 “ every where exist ; but you have a king,  
 “ neither obstinate, ambitious, covetous,  
 “ nor cruel : his will is that his people  
 “ should have cause of content, and, should  
 “ he err by chance, his heart is not to  
 “ blame, if the subject suffers.”

To the truth of this I pledged my veracity ; I am well known not to be a flatterer ; I speak what I have seen ; I vent the thoughts of my heart ; I write from conviction, and not with the insidious hope of reward.

The eyes of all Europe are at present directed toward Berlin—eager to learn whether Frederic William will be able to sustain the vast and artificial fabric, reared by his predecessor. I will systematize but little, I will state incontrovertible facts.

Prussia is neither wanting in able, active nor learned men. The warmth of patriots glows in their veins. The soul of the Great Frederic still inspires the machine, and there is little doubt but that its wheels will not be clogged by innovation. Should this  
 plan



plan be steadily pursued, there will be no confusion of tongues in the tower of Babel: and those, who with its destruction, will have great difficulties to surmount. Every thing remains with equal stability, as under the reign of Frederic; and, should the thunder burst, the ready conductors will render the bolt ineffectual.

Hertzberg still labours in the cabinet, still thinks, writes, and acts as he has done for years. The king is desirous that justice shall be done his subjects, and will punish, perhaps, with more severity whenever he finds himself deceived, than, from the goodness of his disposition, might be supposed. The treasury is full, the army continues the same, and there is little reason to doubt but that industry, population, and wealth will increase.

Yet is it ardently to be desired that commerce might be promoted, by treaties with foreign nations; industry encouraged; monopolies totally abolished; the price of provisions reduced; manufacturers less burthened by taxes; justice impartially administered

mitted; punishments rendered more mild; toleration made more universal; foreigners no longer kidnapped; promises held sacred, and free egress and regress given throughout the Prussian provinces. None but the vile and wicked would leave the kingdom: while the oppressed and best subjects of other states would fly their native country, certain of finding encouragement and security in Prussia.

The personal qualities of Frederic William merit to be described. He is tall and handsome, his mien is majestic, and his accomplishments of mind and body would procure him the love of men, were he not a king. He is affable without deceit, friendly and kind in conversation; and stately without stateliness is necessary. His step is firm, his voice sonorous, his tone commanding, his heart capable of the noblest sentiments, and so benevolent that his greatest happiness is in the happiness of others. He is bountiful, but not profuse; he knows that, with economy, the Prussian power must sink. He is not tormented by  
the

the spirit of conquest, he wishes harm to no nation, yet will he not certainly suffer other nations to make encroachments, nor will he be terrified by menaces. That he is a soldier and a general, his great instructor and predecessor has long since borne testimony: He is likewise convinced how necessary it is that the king of a military state should be the friend of military men.

The wise Frederic, when living, though himself learned, and a lover of the sciences, never encouraged them in his kingdom. Germany, under his reign, might have foregotten her language; he preferred the literature of France. Königsberg, once the seminary of the north, contains at present, few professors, or students; the former are fallen into disrepute, and are ill paid; the latter repair to Leipzig and Göttingen. We have every reason to suppose the present monarch, though no studious man himself, will encourage the academies of the literati, that learned men in jurisprudence and the sciences may not be wanting; which want is more to be apprehended

hended as the nobility must, without exception, serve in the army; so that learning has but few adherents, and these are deprived of the means of improvement. The nation, which in this age, is a nation of soldiers only, will find itself inferior to competitors. Nor will Frederic William govern with an iron sceptre, or consign his solely to the slaughter-house. He will not be the sultan of slaves. Superstition, stupidity, fear and the whip, are the support of the despot: he is a monarch who, by teaching his subjects to love and revere him, will excite them to the performance of their duties. These duties are promoted by the promotion of knowledge, consequently the Prussian academies will revive, suppressed as they have been by the military system of Frederic.

Frederic William is also too much the friend of men, to torture or to suffer them to pine in prisons. He will not use the whip to bend the Prussian back to slavery! He likewise abhors the barbarity with which the soldiers are beaten: his officers will



will not be fettered hand and foot : slavish subordination will be banished, and the noble in heart will be the noble of the land. He who deceives such a prince, deserves double punishment. May he, in his people, find perfect content ! May his people be ever worthy of such a prince ! Long may he reign, and may his ministers be ever enlightened and honourable men ! Such is my ardent prayer—Such too is the portrait of a monarch whom I have praised ; not because of his title or his power, but his worth ; and because it is his delight to make the good and virtuous happy.

He sent for me a second time, conversed much with me, and confirmed those ideas which my first interview had inspired ; and I am fully convinced I have not mistaken his character.

On the 11th of March I presented my son, at another private audience, whom I intended for the Prussian service. The King immediately bestowed a commission on him in the Posadowsky dragoons, at my  
especial

especial request. The difficulty of obtaining such a commission, without having first served as an ensign, is well known; this was, therefore, a particular favour and honour, and my son has the more to expect, since his Majesty has himself promised his promotion.

I saw him at the review at Velau, and his superior officers formed great expectations from his zeal. Thus I have done the duty of a father by my sons: time will discover whether he who is in the Austrian, or this in the Prussian service, will first obtain the rewards due to their father; and to the state that first does such an act of justice will I bequeath my third son. Should they both remain unnoticed, I will bestow him on the Great Turk, rather than on European courts, whence equity to me and mine is banished. Luckily my children are no monarch's vassals. They were born in the free Imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, therefore is their will unfettered, and they may with honour, seek bread in any country.

To

To Austria I owe thanks : all that could be taken from me was taken. I was captain before I entered those territories, and after six and thirty years service I find myself in the rank of Invalid Major ! Less I could not be.—My duty I more than fulfilled, and wept in chains and dungeons so many years, not from any fault of mine, because I was plundered, sold, betrayed by Austrian residents, traitors to their embassy, and persecutors at Vienna. The proof of all I have asserted, and of how little I am indebted to this state, is most incontestable, since the history of my life is allowed, by the royal censor, to be publicly sold in Vienna. The same proof exists in Berlin, where my narrative is universally read and my veracity established.

It is very remarkable that one only of the eight officers, as one of whom I served, in the body guard, in the year 1745, though it is now two and forty years since, is dead. Lieutenant-colonel Count Blumenthal lives in Berlin ; Pannewitz is commander of the knights of the Malta :  
both

Both gave me a polite and friendly reception. Both were acquainted with the circumstances and manner in which Juschinsky deceived the king, to my ruin. Wagnitz is lieutenant-general in the service of Hesse-Cassel: he was my tent comrade, and was perfectly acquainted with all that happened. Kalkreuter and Grothusen live on their estates, and Jaschinsky himself is now alive in Königsberg, but known diseased, superannuated, and tortured by sickness and remorse. I have never visited him nor can I suppose he wishes I should. He, instead of punishment, has forty years enjoyed a pension of a thousand rix-dollars; consequently has cost the state forty thousand rix-dollars. I have seen my lands confiscated, of the income of which I have been forty-two years deprived, and never yet received retribution.

Such is the way of the world! Frederic robbed the worthy citizen of his right; and with a part of it, rewarded such a man as Jaschinsky.

Time must decide; the king is generous



and I have too much true pride to become a beggar. The name of Trenck shall be in the history of the acts of Frederic. This though I should not desire it, I could not prevent. A tyrant himself, he was the slave of his passions; and even when he supposed he might be deceived, did not think an inquiry into innocence worth the trouble. To be ashamed of doing right, because he has done wrong, or to persist in error, that fools, for fools only can, may think him infallible, is a dreadful principle in a ruler. While the obstinate Frederic lived no man dared to pronounce my name: no man durst own himself my friend. He is dead; when I am so, no pillar of dishonour shall rise over my grave: my epitaph shall be, "Alas that thou wert known too late."

Since I have been at Berlin, and was received there with so many testimonies of friendship and favour, the new-papers of Germany have published various articles concerning me, perhaps with the best of wishes, intending to contribute to my honour, or ease. They have, however been  
some-

sometimes, misinformed. They have asserted a great pension has been settled on me in Berlin; but on my honour, I affirm I never asked a pension. They have said my eldest daughter is appointed the governess of the young princess. This, perhaps, has been the joke of some witty correspondent; for my eldest daughter is but fifteen, and stands in need of a governess herself. Perhaps they may suppose me mean enough, from ostentation, to circulate falsehood: perhaps they suppose they do me service, or give me pleasure, by publishing as facts, honours or rewards, for which I hope. It may be malice, and a desire to injure me; it may be the very reverse: in any case it is no pleasure to me, and may have ill effects. An honest man is never without enemies, who will labour to prevent any good that might happen to him, and who are terrified if they imagine he might become the favourite of a king.

I almost daily receive letters from all parts of Germany, from persons unknown to me, wherein the sensations of the feel-

ing heart are evident. The history of my life has excited a general attention. Those reviewers, who have been impartial, have my thanks: those who suspect my veracity, or endeavour to decry my work, must be answered by an appeal to facts. That my history relates many improbable events, and rather resembles a romance than a work of Biography, is not my fault: extraordinary accidents I have encountered, and extraordinary accidents must relate. My purpose in writing was the publication of truths; nor shall I be accused, except by those who do not know, or who do not consider, this reason, and who are prejudiced against a man pleading his own cause. Were I to attempt to deceive the public, I were indeed unworthy. Among the number of these letters was one, which I received from the learned Bahrdt, Professor at Halle, dated April 10, 1787 \*, wherein he says, “ Receive noble German, the ar-

\* The letter of Professor Bahrdt and the Baron's answer, are both in verse, but are too barren of poetical merit or figure to please in poetical translation. T.

“ dent thanks of one who like you, has  
 “ encountered difficulties ; yet far inferior  
 “ to those you have encountered. You in-  
 “ deed with gigantic strength, have met a  
 “ host of foes and nobly conquered. The  
 “ pest of men attacked me also : I also  
 “ was persecuted by priests. The ardour of  
 “ my temper engaged me in many a rash  
 “ enterprise : and I too have been devour-  
 “ ed by a noble pride of heart. I was the  
 “ enemy to hypocrisy, and disdained to be  
 “ a parasite of princes. From town to  
 “ town, from land to land, I was pursued  
 “ by priestcraft and persecution : yet in  
 “ despite of adverse fate and poverty, I  
 “ acquired fame. I fled for refuge and re-  
 “ pose to the states of Frederic, but found  
 “ them not. I have eight years laboured un-  
 “ der affliction with unwearied perseverance,  
 “ but have found no reward. By patient  
 “ industry have I made myself what I am :  
 “ by ministerial favour, never. Even in  
 “ the states of Frederic, the hatred of priests  
 “ pursued me. Worn out and weak, la-  
 “ lamenting my own destiny, the history



“ of your life, worthy sir, fell into my hands,  
 “ and poured balsam into my wounds.  
 “ There indeed, I saw sufferings unmea-  
 “ surable; there, indeed, beheld fortitude  
 “ most worthy admiration. The chagrin  
 “ that preyed upon, the despair that rent  
 “ my heart, fled. Compared to you, of  
 “ what could I complain? Receive, noble  
 “ German, my warmest thanks; while I  
 “ live they shall flow. And should you  
 “ find a fortunate moment, in the presence  
 “ of your king, speak of me as one con-  
 “ signed to poverty : as one whose talents  
 “ are buried in oblivion. Say to him  
 “ — ‘ Mighty King! stretch forth thy hand,  
 “ and dry up his tears.’ I know the noble-  
 “ ness of your mind, and doubt not your  
 “ good wishes. ’

To the professor's letter I returned the following answer.

“ I was affected, Sir, by your letter.  
 “ I never yet was unmoved, when the pen  
 “ was obedient to the dictates of the heart.  
 “ I feel for your situation; and if my ex-  
 “ ample can teach wisdom even to the wise  
 I have

“ I have, indeed cause, to triumph. This  
 “ is the sweetest of rewards. At Berlin I  
 “ have received much honour, but little  
 “ more. The courtier fawns to obtain  
 “ favour and gifts. He who seeks justice  
 “ mistakes his road. Men are deaf to him  
 “ who confides only in his right. What  
 “ have I gained ? Shadow fame for myself  
 “ and the vapour of hope for my heirs !

“ Truth and Trenck, my good friend,  
 “ flourish not in courts. You complain of  
 “ priestcraft. He who attacks a nest of  
 “ hornets must expect to be stung. He  
 “ who would disturb their ambition and  
 “ covetousness, he who speaks against the  
 “ false opinions they scatter, considers not  
 “ priests, and their aim, which is to  
 “ dazzle the stupid, and stupify the wise.  
 “ A host of knaves in black, act to promote  
 “ their earthly interests : and, strange to  
 “ tell, the Quixote, who shall dare molest  
 “ them, must also encounter the anger  
 “ even of the rational ! Deprecate their  
 “ wrath ! avoid their poisoned shafts, or  
 “ they will infect thy peace ; will blast thy

L 4

“ budding

“ budding honours. And wherefore should  
 “ we incur this danger? The world will  
 “ ever be the same. To cure ignorance of  
 “ error is impossible. Silence is often not  
 “ only prudence but wisdom. Let us then  
 “ silently steal to our graves, and thus shall  
 “ we escape the breath of envy. What is  
 “ the puppet-show of life? He who should  
 “ enjoy all even thought could grasp,  
 “ should yet have but little. Having ac-  
 “ quired this knowledge, the passions of  
 “ the soul are lulled to apathy. I behold  
 “ error, and I laugh: do thou, my friend,  
 “ laugh also. If that can comfort us, men  
 “ will do our memory justice—when we are  
 “ dead! Fame plants her laurels over the  
 “ grave and there they flourish best.

“ BARON TRENCK.

“ Schangulack, near Königberg,

“ April 30th, 1787.

“ P. S. I have spoken, worthy Profes-  
 “ sor, the feelings of my heart, in answer  
 “ to your kind panegyric. You will bu:  
 “ do me justice, when you believe I think  
 “ and

“ and act as I write. With respect to my  
 “ influence at court, ’tis just as insignificant  
 “ at Berlin as at Vienna, or at Constanti-  
 “ nople.”

Among the various letters I have received, as it may answer a good purpose, I hope the reader will not think the insertion of the following improper. They may be read by some benevolent person, who may have power to speak in behalf of one who is evidently, not only distressed, but a man of very considerable talents.

In a letter from an unknown correspondent, who desired me to speak for this person at Berlin, eight others were enclosed. They came from the above person in distress, to this correspondent; and I was requested to let them appear in the Berlin Gazette. As these letters came from Silesia anonymously to hand, and as I found it could answer no good purpose, I did not publish them as required: but my correspondent cannot take it amiss that I should select three of them, and here present them



to the world, as it can do his friend no injury while they describe an unhappy victim of an extraordinary kind; and may, perhaps, obtain him some redress, or relief.

Should this hope be verified, I am personally acquainted with him who wishes to remain concealed, can send him aid, or introduce him to the knowledge of such as might wish to interfere in his behalf. Should they not, the reader still will find well written and affecting letters; such as may inspire compassion. My own situation permits me not to plead for another; nor affords me the means of relieving the unfortunate. The following is the first of those I think proper to select.

---

## L E T T E R I.

Neuland, Feb. 12, 1787.

“ I THOUGHT I had so satisfactorily  
 “ answered you by my last that you would  
 “ have left me in peaceful possession of my

“ sorrows ; but your numberless remarks,  
 “ intreaties, and remonstrances, succeed  
 “ each other with such rapidity that, though  
 “ before inclined indolently to fly, I am  
 “ again induced to renew the contest.  
 “ Cowardice, I believe, you are convinced,  
 “ is not native in my heart : and, should I  
 “ now too easily yield, you might suppose  
 “ that age, and the miseries I have suffered,  
 “ had weakened my powers of mind as well  
 “ as body ; and that I ought to be classed  
 “ among the unhappy multitudes, whose suf-  
 “ ferings have sunken them to despondency.

“ Baron Trenck, that man of many  
 “ woes, once so despised, but who now is  
 “ held in admiration where he before was  
 “ so much the object of hatred ; who now  
 “ speaks loudly in his own defence there,  
 “ where formerly, the man who had but  
 “ whispered his name would have lived  
 “ suspected ; Baron Trenck you propose as  
 “ an example of salvation for me. You  
 “ are wrong.—Have you made any ration-  
 “ al comparison ? Have you considered  
 “ how dissimilar have our past lives been ;

“ how different, too, are our present cir-  
 “ cumstances ?—Or, omitting these, have  
 “ you considered to whom you would have  
 “ me appeal ?

“ In the year 1764, I became acquainted  
 “ in Vienna, with this sufferer of fortitude,  
 “ this agreeable companion. We are  
 “ taught that a manly and noble aspect  
 “ bespeaks a correspondent mind : this I  
 “ believe him to possess. But what expec-  
 “ tations can I form from Baron Trenck ?

“ I will, however, briefly answer the  
 “ questions you have put ; for prolix I must  
 “ not be, otherwise I should write the  
 “ history of my life. Baron Trenck was,  
 “ as I am informed, a man born to inherit  
 “ great estates : this and the fire of his  
 “ youth, fanned by flattering hopes from  
 “ his famous, and then powerful kinsman,  
 “ rendered him too haughty to his King ;  
 “ and this alone was the origin of all his  
 “ future sufferings. I, on the contrary,  
 “ though the son of a Silesian nobleman of  
 “ property, did not inherit so much as the  
 “ pay of a common soldier ; the family  
 “ having

“ having been robbed of their property  
 “ by the hand of power, after being ac-  
 “ cused by malice and wickedness, under  
 “ the mask of holy virtue. You know my  
 “ father’s fate, the esteem in which he was  
 “ held by the Empress Terefa; and that  
 “ a pretended miracle was the occasion of  
 “ his fall. Suddenly was he plunged from  
 “ that height, to which industry, talents,  
 “ and virtue, had raised him, to the very  
 “ depth of poverty. At length, on the  
 “ commencement of the seven years war,  
 “ one of the King of Prussia’s subjects re-  
 “ presented him, to the Austrian court, as  
 “ a dangerous correspondent of Marshal  
 “ Schwerin’s. Then sixty years of age,  
 “ my unfortunate father was seized at Ja-  
 “ gerndorf, and imprisoned in the fortress  
 “ of Gratz, in Styria. He had an allow-  
 “ ance just sufficient to keep him alive in  
 “ his dungeon; but, for the space of seven  
 “ years, never beheld the sun rise or set.  
 “ I was a boy when this happened: the  
 “ certainty of his innocence, however,  
 “ emboldened me to intercede in his be-  
 half,



“ half, at the foot of the throne. I was  
 “ not heard. I only received some pecu-  
 “ niary relief from the Empress, with per-  
 “ mission to shed my blood in her defence.  
 “ In this situation we first became ac-  
 “ quainted, first vowed eternal friendship;  
 “ but from this was I soon snatched, not  
 “ by my own, but my father’s enemies.  
 “ What the Empress had bestowed her mi-  
 “ nisters tore from me. I was seized at  
 “ midnight, and without examination was  
 “ brought, in company with two other  
 “ officers, to the before-mentioned fortress  
 “ of Gratz. Here did I remain immured,  
 “ in the flower of youth, six dismal years.  
 “ My true name was concealed, and an-  
 “ other given me. I was treated like a  
 “ malefactor, and kept under seven locks.  
 “ Peace being restored, Trenck, I, and  
 “ my father, were released ; but the mode  
 “ of our mutual release was very different.  
 “ The first obtained his freedom at the in-  
 “ tercession of Teresa : she too afforded  
 “ him a future provision. We, on the  
 “ contrary, according to the amnesty,  
 “ stipu-

“ stipulated in the treaty of peace, were  
 “ led from our dungeons as state prisoners,  
 “ a public spectacle, without the least in-  
 “ quiry concerning the verity, or falsehood,  
 “ of our supposed crimes. Extreme po-  
 “ verty, wretchedness, and misery, were  
 “ our reward for the sufferings we had so  
 “ unjustly endured.

“ Not only was my health destroyed,  
 “ but my jaw-bone was lost, eaten away  
 “ by the scurvy. I laid before Frederic  
 “ *the Great* the proofs of the calamities I had  
 “ undergone, and the dismal state to which  
 “ I was reduced, by his foe, and for his  
 “ sake; intreated bread to preserve me and  
 “ my father from starving: but his ear was  
 “ deaf to my prayer, his heart insensible  
 “ to my sighs.

“ Providence, however, raised me up a  
 “ saviour:—Count Gellhorn was the bene-  
 “ volent man. After the taking of Bre-  
 “ slaw, he had been also sent a state pri-  
 “ soner to Gratz.—During his imprison-  
 “ ment, he had heard the general report of  
 “ my sufferings, and my innocence. No  
 “ sooner

“ sooner did he learn I was released than  
“ he generously became my benefactor,  
“ my supporter, my friend, and once more  
“ restored me to the converse of men, to  
“ which I had so long been dead.

“ I defer the continuation of my narra-  
“ tive to the next post. The remem-  
“ brance of past woes inflicts present.

“ I am eternally.”

---

## LETTER II.

“ February 24, 1787.

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ AFTER an interval of silence, to  
“ calm my agitated heart, remembering  
“ my promise, I must continue my story.

“ My personal sufferings have not, cer-  
“ tainly, as I think, being less than those  
“ of Trenck. His, however, I am ac-  
“ quainted with only from the inaccurate  
“ relations

“ relations I have heard ; my own I have  
 “ felt. How can I forget them ? A co-  
 “ lonel in the Prussian service, whose name  
 “ was Hallasch, was four years my com-  
 “ panion ; he was insane, and believed  
 “ himself the Christ that was to appear at  
 “ the millennium : he persecuted me with  
 “ his reveries, which I was obliged to  
 “ listen to, and approve, or suffer vio-  
 “ lence from one stronger than myself.

“ The society of men or books, every  
 “ thing that could console or amuse, were  
 “ forbidden me ; and I consider it as won-  
 “ derful that I did not myself grow mad,  
 “ in the company of this madman. Four  
 “ hard winters did I exist without feeling  
 “ the feeble emanation of a winter’s sun,  
 “ much less the warmth of fire. The very  
 “ madman felt more pity than my keeper,  
 “ and lent me his cloak to cover my body,  
 “ though the other inhumanly denied me  
 “ a truss of straw, notwithstanding I had  
 “ lost the use of my hands and feet. The  
 “ place where we were was called a chamber :  
 “ it rather resembled the temple of Cloa-  
 “ cina.



“ cina. The noxious damp and vapours  
 “ at length so poisoned my blood that, to-  
 “ gether with ill treatment from an un-  
 “ skilful surgeon, who daily tortured me,  
 “ during nine months, with insult, as a  
 “ Prussian traitor and state criminal, I  
 “ lost the greatest part of a jaw. We, too,  
 “ were nightly disturbed by the calling of  
 “ centinels, and were frequently terrified  
 “ by the grating of locks and bolts, and  
 “ the entrance of guards.

“ Schottendorf was our governor and  
 “ tyrant; a man who repaid the friend-  
 “ ship he found, in the mansion of my  
 “ fathers, with cruelty. He was ripe for  
 “ the sickle, and Time cut him off.—Tor-  
 “ mentini and Galer were his successors in  
 “ office, but not in insolence and inhu-  
 “ manity; by them we were, indeed, care-  
 “ fully watched, but we also were treated  
 “ with commiseration. We enjoyed air  
 “ without a bribe, and the comfort of  
 “ sweet water.—Their precautions warded  
 “ off jail distempers likewise, and rendered  
 “ imprisonment less wretched. Ever shall  
 “ I hold

“ I hold their memory sacred. Yet, benevolent as they were, their goodness was even exceeded by that of Rottensteiner, the head jailor. Withour education, without other principles than those an excellent understanding taught, he considered his unfortunate prisoners as his children; and, instead of enriching himself by plundering the poor and oppressed, he was himself their benefactor.—Of this I had continual experience, during two years after the release of Hallasch.—He deserved a better station; a station as noble as his own thoughts.

“ Here, my friend, I but cursorily describe misery, at which the monarch shall shudder, if the blood of a tyrant flow not in his veins. Teresa could not wish these things; yet they were. But she was human, she was fallible, and not omniscient.

“ From the above narrative you will perceive how opposite the effects must be, which the histories of Baron Trenck and of myself must produce.

“ Trenck

“ cina. The noxious damps and vapours  
 “ at length so poisoned my blood that, to-  
 “ gether with ill treatment from an un-  
 “ skilful surgeon, who daily tortured me,  
 “ during nine months, with insult, as a  
 “ Prussian traitor and state criminal, I  
 “ lost the greatest part of a jaw. We, too,  
 “ were nightly disturbed by the calling of  
 “ centinels, and were frequently terrified  
 “ by the grating of locks and bolts, and  
 “ the entrance of guards.

“ Schottendorf was our governor and  
 “ tyrant; a man who repaid the friend-  
 “ ship he found, in the mansion of my  
 “ fathers, with cruelty. He was ripe for  
 “ the sickle, and Time cut him off.—Tor-  
 “ mentini and Galer were his successors in  
 “ office, but not in insolence and inhu-  
 “ manity; by them we were, indeed, care-  
 “ fully watched, but we also were treated  
 “ with commiseration. We enjoyed air  
 “ without a bribe, and the comfort of  
 “ sweet water.—Their precautions warded  
 “ off jail distempers likewise, and rendered  
 “ imprisonment less wretched. Ever shall  
 “ I hold

“ I hold their memory sacred. Yet, be-  
 “ nevolent as they were, their goodness  
 “ was even exceeded by that of Rotten-  
 “ steiner, the head jailor. Withour edu-  
 “ cation, without other principles than  
 “ those an excellent understanding taught,  
 “ he considered his unfortunate prisoners  
 “ as his children; and, instead of enrich-  
 “ ing himself by plundering the poor and  
 “ oppressed, he was himself their benefac-  
 “ tor.—Of this I had continual experience,  
 “ during two years after the release of  
 “ Hallasch.—He deserved a better station;  
 “ a station as noble as his own thoughts.

“ Here, my friend, I but cursorily des-  
 “ cribe misery, at which the monarch  
 “ shall shudder, if the blood of a tyrant  
 “ flow not in his veins. Teresa could not  
 “ wish these things; yet they were. But  
 “ she was human, she was fallible, and not  
 “ omniscient.

“ From the above narrative you will  
 “ perceive how opposite the effects must  
 “ be, which the histories of Baron Trenck  
 “ and of myself must produce.

“ Trenck



“ Trenck left his dungeon, shielded from  
 “ want and contempt ; the day of freedom  
 “ was the day of triumph. I, on the contrary,  
 “ was exposed to every possible calamity.  
 “ The spirit of Trenck, bowed as it had been  
 “ by affliction, again raised itself. I have  
 “ watched and laboured many a succeeding  
 “ night that I might neither beg nor  
 “ perish the following day : working for  
 “ judges who neither knew law, nor had  
 “ sufficient powers of mind to behold the  
 “ native beauty of justice : rectifying or  
 “ settling accounts that, item after item,  
 “ did but prove the lord they were intended  
 “ for was an imbecile dupe.

“ Trenck remembers his calamities, but  
 “ the remembrance is advantageous to himself  
 “ and his family ; while, with me, the  
 “ past did but increase, did but agonize,  
 “ the present, and the future. He was  
 “ not, like me, obliged to crouch in presence  
 “ of those vulgar, those mean, those  
 “ incapable minds, that do but consider  
 “ the bent back as the footstool of pride.  
 “ Every man is too busy in the gratifica-  
 “ tion

“ tion of self, to busy himself in behalf of  
“ others: pity me, therefore, but advise  
“ me not to hope assistance, by petition;  
“ ing princes at second hand. I know  
“ your good wishes, and, for these, I have  
“ nothing to return but barren thanks.

“ I am, &c.

---

### L E T T E R III.

“ YES, I do not, cannot doubt your  
“ friendship, your zeal, to serve me, but  
“ you have been often fortunate in the  
“ accomplishment of your hopes; I,  
“ never.

“ The prospect of gain makes the usurer  
“ adventurous; but, by digging under  
“ the foundation, to conceal or to recover  
“ his treasure, he may chance to overthrow  
“ his house, and bury himself under its  
“ ruins. The voice of suffering virtue is,  
“ alas, unable to be heard, amid the agi-  
“ tated

"tated waves of a court ! she utters a fee-  
 "ble cry, sinks, and is no more seen.  
 "I fear the persecution of the clergy—  
 "Monarchs themselves bow before their  
 "power !

"Beside, is Trenck in that situation that  
 "justifies his interference in behalf of a  
 "stranger ? Certainly not. Oh, no !—  
 "We have been dreaming ; you to begin,  
 "and I to continue, a correspondence on  
 "such a subject. Were he, like you, my  
 "intimate, my old friend, perhaps his  
 "great experience of the world might lead  
 "him to imagine some mode of procur-  
 "ing a supply sufficient fully to satisfy  
 "my very few wants, for few, indeed they  
 "are. Unless he ask it, conceal my name.  
 "His silence will evince his real incapabi-  
 "lity to do me service ; his good will can-  
 "not be doubted.

"Every caution is necessary, for, were  
 "I driven from this poor refuge of wretch-  
 "edness, I might fall into the power of  
 "one who may be a tyrant, who might  
 "again rob me of light and air, and add-  
 I ing

“ ing torture to calamity, branding me as  
“ a traitor, might delight to inflict pang  
“ incessant, and renders death tedious.

Farewell.

The reasons why I published the foregoing letters are already stated, and will, I make no doubt, appear satisfactory to the reader. Once more to affairs that more immediately concern myself.

The following I yesterday received from Poland, from a correspondent, who is likewise to me unknown.

“ Reschow, in Gallicia.

“ April 30, 1787.

“ SIR,

“ EVERY feeling heart, every person  
“ who had the honour of being acquainted  
“ with you, during your abode in Austria,  
“ receives the purest satisfaction, from the  
“ justice at present done you, and the high  
“ honours by which you are distinguished  
“ at the court of Berlin, and of which we  
“ are



“ are informed by the public papers. Yes  
 “ fir, it is a sweet subject of consolation,  
 “ for suffering humanity, to behold that  
 “ you now find favour and justice from a  
 “ power where the most unbridled barbarity,  
 “ formerly gave birth to the bitterest suf-  
 “ fings, and the most inconceivable cruelty.

“ Every compassionate person, in this our  
 “ district of bears, has read, has swept over,  
 “ these sufferings so truly depicted in the  
 “ history of your life. Thrice have the pages  
 “ been bedewed by my tears. My present  
 “ hope is to see a continuation of your his-  
 “ tory written on the now benevolent  
 “ banks of the Spree. Alas ! sure, like  
 “ the first navigator of Horace, he must in  
 “ oak and triple steal be armed, who  
 “ should not feel pity in behalf of an ho-  
 “ nest man, an enlightened author, a  
 “ brave soldier, and a good citizen.

“ Let me intreat your acceptance of  
 “ this testimony of the heart, from a man  
 “ who, though unknown to you, is, with  
 “ the most worthy and best informed men  
 “ of Poland, your sincere admirer. It is  
 “ a ref-

“ a respectful tribute, paid to uncommon  
 “ merit.

“ I am &c.\*”

I have here published the foregoing letter, that I may have an opportunity of thanking the person who has paid me such high compliments, and who has concealed his name that I might not have the difficulty of answering so flattering an epistle.

I feel the happiness of being held in estimation, by the noble minded ; and, if the Princess Czatoryska can credit her correspondent, and my writings, she will read how great my present sensations of joy are at having the happiness to attain so invaluable an honour.

I might fill a volume with like letters,

\* This letter contains some verses, which are only a repetition of similar sentiments with itself, or of facts told in the life of the baron. Some of them were addressed to the Princess Czatoryska, who having read the Baron's history, had become highly interested by the events it related

but they appertain to another collection.

I met, at Berlin, many old friends of both sexes : among others, an aged invalid came to see me, who was at Glatz, in 1746, when I cut my way through the guard. He was one of the centinels before my door, and whom I had thrown down the stairs.

Another invalid who had assisted me, when imprisoned at Magdeburg, in ridding myself of my bags of sand, came also to visit me.

The hour of quitting Berlin, and continuing my journey into Prussia, towards Königsberg, my native country, approached. On the eve of my departure, I had once again the happiness of conversing, more than two hours, with her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederic the Great \*. Possessed of native greatness of mind and deep penetration she solely had the honour of gaining the

\* This Princess is supposed to be the lady so often alluded to in the first volume.

entire confidence and friendship of Frederic. She as far as she was able, protected me in my hour of extreme adversity; heaped benefits upon me, and more than any other person in the world, contributed to gain my deliverance. Not as a foreign officer did she receive me, during my stay in Berlin, but as a friend, as an aged patriot; and laid her commands upon me to write immediately to my wife, and request that she would come to Berlin, in the month of June, with her two eldest daughters. I received her promise that the happiness of the latter should be her care; nay, that she would certainly remember my wife in her will.

At this moment, when about to depart, she affectionately asked me if I had money sufficient for the expences of my journey: "Yes," madam, was my reply; "for myself  
"I want nothing, ask nothing; but may  
"you remember my children!"

The sensibility, the deep feeling with which I pronounced these words, moved the princess; she shewed me how perfectly she



comprehended my meaning, took me by the hand, and said, "Return, my friend, quickly; I shall be most happy to see you."

I hastily left the room; a kind of indecision came over me. I was inclined to remain some days longer at Berlin. Had I done so, my presence would most indubitably have been of great advantage to my children. Alas! ever under the guidance of my evil genius, I began my journey. The clear prospect of futurity was instantly overclouded; the principal purpose for which I came to Berlin frustrated; for five days after my departure, the Princess Amelia died!

Is not this a new proof that my implacable destiny will never quit pursuing me, even to the grave? He who reads my history attentively, will see that a thousand times have I beheld the shores of happiness, and that the very moment I imagined I was about to cast anchor in the haven of tranquillity, again has an unforeseen hurricane driven me into the very midst of the wild

and

and angry ocean.—Yes, yes,—so it has been, so it shall be.

In vain would the benevolent friends of man offer petitions to heaven that my latter days might be spent in peace. Their prayers rise not ; they reach not the seat of mercy ! Never has heaven inspired the hearts of princes to act effectually in my favour. Even when my friends have seriously intended to assist me, or in their wills to bequeath me generous legacies, either they have been persuaded to the contrary by my enemies, or prevented by death, from fulfilling their good intentions. Many facts of this kind might I cite, particularly some that have been occasioned by father confessors.

This last unfortunate accident beset me through my own fault ; I ought better to have employed the favourable moment. The more critical it was the more ardent should I have been not to have let it escape. But I imagined myself too certain. I was too timid, had too much sensibility, or rather indeed, too much pride, to let inte-

rested views be seen, at such a moment.

“ Well, well—who can recall the past ?

“ —It is the will of providence thus to re-

“ strict your happiness.”

Such are the apophthegms in which the credulous find consolation : for my own part, I am of the sect of the sceptics. I am convinced that, by ill-timed delicacy, I have neglected many opportunities of making my fortune. Neither shall satan be accused of interfering, for he has had too many proofs it is not in his power to make me despair ; he cannot so entrap my soul, which on the contrary is rather inspired, by disappointment, with new fortitude, to encounter new misfortune. If it be the will of heaven that I am not to enjoy happiness here, on earth, but that my christian spirit must content itself with court compliments, reputation acquired, and the world's compassion, without expecting any thing from the magnanimity of the best of sovereigns ; then will I live satisfied, in my confined circle, and comfort myself with  
the

the reflection that I have deserved better.

If wealth be necessary to happiness, so indeed must my happiness be small. It is now winter with me, and never more can it be spring. I will no more be the dupe of vague and silly hopes. Plans of aggrandizement I am too old to form; am too proud, too obstinate and headstrong for the precincts of a court.

Peace be to thy ashes noble princess! Thy will was good, and be that sufficient. I shall not want materials to write a commentary on the history of Frederic, when in company with thee, I shall wander on the banks of Styx; there, the events that have happened on this poor earth may be written, without scruple or danger. Till when, it is most probable, I shall give repose to my pen, unless some extraordinary incidents should once more reanimate my self-love and, by the publication of new truths, I should be induced to expose myself to new persecutions; from which, however, may the good God preserve me! He can have

no



no pleasure in seeing his creatures unhappy. He yet may inspire the hearts of kings, to think of what I have been deprived, and of what is my due.

So proceed we with our story.

On the 22d of March I departed from Berlin, and pursued my journey to Königsberg, but remained two days at the court of the Margrave of Brandenburg Schwedt, where I was received with kindness and esteem. The Margrave had bestowed favours on me, during my imprisonment at Magdeburg.

I departed thence through Soldin to Schildberg, there to visit my relation Sidau, who had married the daughter of my sister, which daughter my sister had by her first husband Waldow, of whom I have so often spoken in my first volume. I found my kinsman a worthy and honourable man, and one who made the daughter of an unfortunate sister happy. I was received at his house with open arms, and for the first time during an interval of two and forty years, beheld one of my own relations.

On

On my journey thither, I had the unexpected pleasure to meet with Lieutenant-general Kowalsky. This good gentleman was a lieutenant in the garrison of Glatz, in the year 1746, and was an ocular witness when I leaped from the wall of the rampart. He had read my history, with some of the principal facts of which he was previously acquainted. Should any one therefore doubt concerning those incidents which I have related, of my escape from Glatz, and which because of the difficulties attending their execution, have been by some, incapable themselves of a like enterprise, supposed incredible, I may refer them to him, whose testimony cannot be suspected.

From Schildberg I proceeded to Landsberg, on the Warta. Here I found my brother-in-law, Colonel Pape, commander of the Cotz dragoons, and the second husband of my deceased sister; and here I passed a happy and a joyous day. Every body congratulated me on my glorious return into my country, and offered up their ardent prayers for my future felicity.

I found relations in almost every garrison, and was almost every were detained. Never did man receive more honourable marks of esteem throughout a kingdom. The general knowledge of my unmerited calamities procured me this sweet consolation; and I were insensible indeed, and ungrateful, did my heart remain unmoved on occasions like these.

Yes, this is my delectable reward ;— a reward not conferred by princes ; a reward to which virtue only can aspire ; and which has been bestowed upon me with profusion ; a reward which the hatred of the puissant Frederic could retard, but could not prevent ; Nature had given me too robust a body : a reward so great, so delightful, so dear to remembrance, that, when put as a counterpoise to the afflictions I have suffered for the space of two and forty years, I hold it more than equivalent, and I feel it overbalances them all ! My heart glories in its past groans, all my wounds are healed, and, though the scars remain, they remain but the honourable proofs of victory.

Raised

Raised by misfortune, I live my country's monument, where many instructive, many exemplary lessons may be read. Remember me, O my friends, in the hour of sorrow; relate my story to your children; publish aloud that my bones have deserved to be laid in the sepulchre of my forefathers; and, though I am not permitted to rest my white locks on the pillow of repose in my own country, though it be my destiny to die in the land to which envy, imposture, imbecility, and a thirst of ill-gotten gain have banished me, still let my memory live among you; still let me hope my name shall be held in veneration! To you I leave my children! in them may you behold their father's probity revive; them may you distinguish from the children of those who have suffered nothing for, lost nothing in, their country.

In Austria I never can expect a like reception; I am there mistaken, and I feel little inclination to labor at removing mistakes so rooted. Yet, even there, as in Prussia, am I, by the general voice, ap-  
M 6 proved.



proved. Yes, I am admired, but not known; pitied, but not supported; honoured, but not rewarded. The powerful are wilfully blind. Yet blind may they remain, I will not grieve. "Who," saith Gellert, "is the great man by whom thou art honoured? Say, doth he truly know to estimate merit? Imagine him deprived of titles, his riches lost, his badges of honour gone, and perhaps thou wouldst then condemn his applause, for thou wouldst despise his person."

When at Berlin, I discovered an error I had committed in the first volume of my Life. At the time I wrote, having been wrong informed, I believed that the postmaster-general of Berlin, M. Derschau, was my mother's brother, and the same person who, in 1742, was, first, grand counsellor at Glogau, and, afterward, president in East Friesland. I was deceived: the Derschau, who is my mother's brother, is still living, and president at Aurich in East Friesland.—The postmaster was the son of the old Derschau who died a general,

ral, and who was only distantly related to my mother. Neither is the younger Derschau, who is the colonel of a regiment at Burg, the brother of my mother, but only her first-cousin ; one of their sisters married Lieutenant-colonel Ostau, whose son, the president Ostau, now lives on his own estate, at Lablack, in Prussia.

I mention this at present for the information of a person who, because I had committed this trifling error, which was caused by my having been absent from my country above five and forty years, thence took occasion to persuade the world my history was all false: having corrected the mistake, I may add, I do not suppose any Derschau has reason to be ashamed of being allied to the family of Trenck, which, for three hundred years past, has intermarried with the most ancient families in Prussia, and which in the history of the country, has given incontestable proofs of real nobility of heart.

I was, likewise, deceived in having suspected a lieutenant, whose name is Molinie, in the narrative I gave of my flight from Glatz, of having acted as a spy upon  
me

me at Braunau, and of having sent information to General Fouquet. I am sorry. This honest man is still alive, a captain in Brandenburg. He was affected at my suspicion, fully justified himself, and here I publicly apologize. He then was, and again is become my friend. The person who really gave information, to General Fouquet, was Captain Nimschofsky, my own cousin, who came to visit me at Braunau, and, under the mask of friendship, concealed the traitor.

I have also received a singular letter from one Lieutenant Brodowsky. This extraordinary gentleman is offended at finding his mother's name in my narrative, and demands I should retract my words. Alas ! how can I retract the truth : and truth too which cannot be offensive to any person ? Menaces never yet could induce me to commit such an action.

My readers certainly will allow the virtue of Madam Brodowsky, at Elbing, is not impeached. Although I have said I had the fortune to be beloved by her, I have  
no

no where intimated that I asked, or that she granted, improper favours.

Certainly I had no intention to injure my preceptor Brodowsky, who had lived in my father's house, and who afterward journeyed to my mother, purposely to procure me speedy succour. I never meant to injure his honour living, nor his memory dead.

The parents having been my friends, I certainly wish I could oblige the son; but I never can write that facts, inserted in the history of my life, which have happened to myself are false or imaginary. A man of understanding will not be angry should another say to him, "Your mother once loved me." M. Brodowsky, the father, never was jealous; and it is strange indeed, that his son should be. I here declare that, with respect to myself, Madam Brodowsky was certainly chaste; but I also here declare I have a right to assume some merit to myself. This I think a sufficient answer to the letter of the lieutenant.

By



By the express desire of a person of distinction I shall insert an incident, in this place, which I omitted in the second volume, lest I should have fatigued my readers by a too circumstantial recital of my various attempts to escape from prison. This honourable person was himself an eye witness of this incident I am about to relate, at Magdeburg, and reminded me of the affair. It was my last attempt but one at flight. The circumstances were these :

As I found myself unable to get rid of more sand, after having once again cut through the planking and mined the foundation, I made a hole toward the fosse, or ditch, in which three centinels were stationed. This I executed one stormy night, it being easy, from the lightness of the sand, to perform the work in two hours.

No sooner had I broken through, than I silently drew back the sand within the hole, and threw one of my slippers beside the palisadoes, that it might be supposed I had lost it when climbing over them. These palisadoes, twelve feet in height, were situated

ated in the front of the principal fosse, and my centinels stood within. There was no centry-box at the place where I had broken through.

This done I returned into my prison, made another hole under the planking, where I could hide myself, and stopped up the passage behind me, so that it was not probable I could be seen or found.

When day-light came the centinel saw the hole, and gave the alarm, the officer ran terrified, the slipper was found, and it was concluded that Trenck had fortunately escaped over the palisadoes, and was no longer in prison.

Immediately the sub-governor came from Magdeburg, the alarm guns were fired, the horse scoured the country, and the fortification and subterranean passages were all visited ; no tidings came ; no discovery was made, and the conclusion was, I had certainly escaped. That I should fly without the knowledge of the centinels was deemed impossible ; the officer, and all the guard,  
were

were put under arrest, and every body was struck dumb with surprise.

I, in the mean time, sat quiet, in my hole, where I heard their searches and suppositions that I certainly was gone. My heart bounded with joy, and I held escape to be indubitable. They most undoubtedly would not have placed centinels over the prison the following night, and I then really should have left my place of concealment, and most, probably, have safely arrived in Saxony. My cruel destiny however, robbed me of all hope at the very moment when I supposed the greatest of my difficulties conquered.

Every thing seemed to happen as I could wish. The whole garrison came, and visited the casemates, and all stood astonished at the miracle they beheld. In this state things remained till four o'clock in the afternoon. At length an ensign of the militia came, a boy of about 15 or 16 years of age, a very chicken in appearance, but who had more wit than any or all of them. He approached the hole, examined the aperture

aperture next the fosse, thought it appeared very small, endeavoured to enter it himself found he could not, therefore concluded it was impossible a man of my size could have passed through, and accordingly called for a light.

This was an accident I had not foreseen. Half stifled in my hole, I had opened the canal under the planking. No sooner had the youth procured a light, than he perceived my white shirt, examined nearer, felt about, and laid hold of me by the arm.

The fox was caught, and the laugh was universal. My chagrin and confusion may easily be imagined. They all came round me, paid me their compliments, and finding nothing better was to be done, I laughed in company with them, and thus laughing, was led back, with an aching, a distracted heart to be sorrowfully enchained in my dungeon.

The contrivance was highly applauded by all those who wished I might effect my escape, among whom was the honourable person.



son who desired I would here insert this anecdote.

---

I continued my journey, and arrived, on the fourth of April, at Königsberg, where my brother impatiently expected my arrival. We embraced as brothers must, after an absence of two and forty years. Of all my brothers and sisters I had left in this city, he only remained. He lived a retired and peaceable life on his own estates, fulfilling all the duties of a man. He had no children living. I continued a fortnight in company with him, and his worthy wife at Königsberg, with infinite satisfaction of heart, and afterward went with him to his country seat, where I stayed six weeks.

Happy days ! Numbered amongst the most happy of my life ! In the midst of relations, nephews, nephews' children, cousins and kinsmen of all degrees, who came to compliment me on my return to revisit the place of my nativity, I imagined myself

self the father of the family : I enjoyed that happiness which a fire enjoys, whose name is one of the most respectable of the land, and who is related, by ties of blood to most of the neighbouring families. Man, at a certain time of life, is no where so happy as at home, especially if, like me, he has wandered into foreign lands, seen their manners and customs, and been received by their inhabitants with cordiality and friendship.

Here for the first time, I learnt what had happened to my relations, during my absence. The wrath of the great Frederic extended itself to all my family. My second brother was an ensign in the regiment of cuirassiers at Kiow, in the year 1746, when I first incurred disgrace from the king. Six years he served, fought at three battles, but because his name was Trenck, never was promoted. Weary of expectation, he at length quitted the army, married and lived on his estate at Meicken, where he died, about three years ago, and left two sons,

sons, who are an honour to the family of the Trencks.

Common fame spoke him a person capable of rendering the state essential service, as a military man, for the soldier's profession was his choice : but he was my brother and the king would never suffer his name to be mentioned.

My youngest brother applied himself to the sciences ; it was proposed that he should receive some civil employment, as an intelligent and well-informed man : but the king answered in the margin of the petition.

“ No Trenck is good for any thing.”

Thus has all my family suffered, because of my unjust condemnation. My last-mentioned brother chose the life of a private man, and lived at his ease, in estimation and independance, among the first people of the kingdom,

The hatred of the monarch extended itself to my sister, who had married the son  
of

of General Waldow, and lived in widowhood from the year 1749, to her second marriage. The misfortunes of this excellent woman, in consequence of the treachery of Weingarten, and the aid she sent to me in my prison at Magdeburg, I have before related. She was possessed of the fine estate of Hammer, near Landsberg on the Warta. The Russian army changed the whole face of the country, and laid it desert. She fled, with what effects she could collect, to Custrin, where every thing likewise was burnt and destroyed during the siege. The Prussian army itself demolished the fine forests.

After the war, the king assisted all the ruined families of Brandenburg; she alone obtained nothing, because she was my sister. She petitioned the king, who replied she must seek for redress from her dear brother.

She died in the flower of her age, a short time after she had married her second husband, the present Colonel Pape:  
her



her son, also died last year. He was captain in the regiment of the Gotz dragoons.

Thus were all my brothers and sisters punished because they were mine. Who is he that shall afford retribution for so many tragical events? Could it ever be believed that the great Frederic, like the great Zabaoth, would revenge himself on the children and the children's children? Was it not sufficient that he should wreak his wrath on my head alone? Why has the name of Trenck been hateful to him, to the very hour of his death? This must ever remain an incomprehensible enigma.

I never would basely kiss the foot that spurned me. When innocent, I sought to avoid being spurned, and know myself guilty of no other crime.

One Derschau, captain of horse and uterine brother of my mother, secretly addressed himself to the king, in 1753, alleged he was my nearest relation, and feudal heir, and petitioned that he would bestow on him my confiscated estate of Great Scharlack.

The

The king demanded that the necessary proofs should be sent from the chamber at Königsberg. He was informed that I had two brothers living, that Great Scharlack was an ancient family inheritance, and that it appertained to my brothers, and not to Derschau.

My brothers then announced themselves as the immediate successors to this fief, and the king bestowed on them the estate of Great Scharlack, conformable to the feudal laws. That it might be properly divided, it was put up to auction, and bought by the youngest of my brothers, who paid the surplus to the other, and my sister. He likewise paid debts, charged upon it according to the express orders of the court. The persons who called themselves my creditors, were impostors, for I had no creditors ; I was but nineteen when my estates were confiscated, consequently was not of age. By what right, therefore could such debts be demanded, or paid ? Let them explain this who can. Any man

might say whatever he pleased for I was not present to contradict.

The same thing happened, when an account was given into the Fiscus of the guardianship, although I acknowledge my guardians were men of probity. One of them, however, was eight years in possession, and, when he gave it up to my brothers, he did not account with them for a single shilling.

At present therefore the affair stands thus: Frederic William has taken off the sentence of confiscation, and ordered me to be put in possession of my estates, by a gracious rescript: empowered by this I come and demand restitution: my brother answers, “ I have bought and paid  
 “ for the estate, I am the legal possessor,  
 “ have improved it so much that Great  
 “ Scharlack, at present, is worth three or  
 “ four times the sum it was at the time of  
 “ confiscation. Let the Fiscus pay me its  
 “ actual value, and then let them bestow it  
 “ on whom they please. If the reigning king  
 “ gives

“ gives what his predecessor sold to me, I  
 “ ought not thereby to be a loser.”

This is a problem which the people of Berlin must resolve. My brother has no children, and without going to law, will bequeath Great Scharlack to mine, when he shall happen to die. If he is forced in effect to restore it, without being reimbursed, the king instead of granting a favour, has not done justice. I do not request any restitution like this, since such restitution would be made without asking it, as a favour of the king. If his Majesty takes off the confiscation, because he is convinced it was originally violent and unjust, then have I a right to demand the rents of two and forty years. This I am to require from the Fiscus not from my brother.

And should the Fiscus only restore me the price for which it then sold, it would commit a manifest injustice, since all estates in the province of Prussia have since the year 1746, tripled and quadrupled their value.

If the estate descends only to my children



ren after my death, I receive neither right nor favour; for in this case, I obtain nothing for myself, I shall remain deprived of the rents, which, as the estate is at present farmed by my brother, amount to four thousand rix-dollars per annum. This estate cannot be taken from him legally, since he enjoys it by right of purchase. It will not be the king, who, when I am dead, will bestow it upon my children: but my brother who will bequeath it them by will.

Such is the present state of the business. How the benevolent monarch shall think proper to decide, will be seen hereafter. I have demanded of the Fiscus, that it shall make a fair valuation of Great Scharlack, reimburse my brother, and restore it to me. My brother has other estates. These he will dispose of by testament, according to his good pleasure.

Be these things as they may, the purpose of my journey is accomplished. My brother is my friend, and the father of my children. My son is in his majesty's service, and my honour is justified in my

own

own country. In Prussia at least, I am victorious over fate.

Reader, if thou hast noble thoughts, rejoice with me, and from my history, learn that evil itself may convert to good. In the nineteenth year of my age, I lost my fortune, my liberty, my all, honour and and fortitude excepted, and these it was not in the power of the despot to take. Two and forty years have I lived deprived of my property, two and forty years endured poverty, and even excessive indigence, with the exception of some few intervals, without ever being guilty of meanness, and, in the moment of good fortune, I have been liberal even to prodigality. I often have been deceived, but never was a deceiver. Those who plundered me blush at my name. I walk proudly even in the presence of kings. I write truths without disguise, and my writings find toleration, and privilege. I was despised, condemned, and rejected, yet obtained, even in the dungeon's depth, than which no man could

descend lower, the general esteem and approbation of the worthy.

Thou great God hast preserved me amidst my trouble. The purest gratitude penetrates my heart. Oh that it might please thee never to let mortal endure what I have endured, or, if so it cannot be, that thou wouldst grant him equal strength to wrestle with woe! Oh that thou wouldst shield man from arbitrary power, and banish despotism from the earth! Dishonour, cast headlong down, and exterminate the enemy of man, and let all prevaricating judges be like mine, reduced to cleanse the streets of filth. Suffer not the hypocritical knave to injure and insult the virtuous. May this tragical narration be a lesson to the afflicted, afford hope to the despairing, fortitude to the wavering, and shake and humanize the hearts of kings?

Joyfully do I journey to the shores of death. My duty is fulfilled, my end attained, tranquillity deserved. My conscience is void of reproach, posterity shall bless my memory, and only the unfeeling,  
the

the wicked, the confessors of Princes, and the pious impostor, shall vent their rage against my writings. My few remaining hours of life shall still be dedicated to the love of men. For my own part, my wants are few. My mind is desirous of repose; and should this be denied me, still will I not murmur. I now wish to steal gently, though not wholly unknown, toward that last asylum, whither if I had gone in my youth, it must have been with colours flying. Grant, Almighty God, that the prayer I this day make may be heard, and that such may be the conclusion of my eventful life.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK,  
A PARTISAN COLONEL, AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF  
OF THE PANDOURS, IN THE SERVICE OF HER  
MAJESTY THE EMPRESS-QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY  
FREDERICK BARON TRENCK,  
AS A NECESSARY SUPPLEMENT TO HIS OWN  
HISTORY.



THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK.

---

**F**RANCIS Baron Trenck was born, in 1714, in Calabria, a province of Sicily. His father was then a governor, and lieutenant-colonel there, and died, possessed of these honours, in 1743, at Leitschau in Hungary, lord of the rich manors of Prestowacz, Pleternitz, and Pakratz, in Sclavonia, and other considerable estates in Hungary. His christian name was John; he was my father's brother, and born in Königsberg, in Prussia, where the family is well known, and where it has possessed estates ever since the times of the Teutonic knights.

The name of his mother was Kettler :



She was born in Courland, but I am unacquainted with her family.

Suffice it to say that Trenck, whose history I write, was, both by father and mother, a gentleman of ancient family; and that his grandfather and mine was of Prussia. He was not, as his enemies propagated at Vienna, the son of a Slavonian robber. His father who had served Austria, with honour, till the age of sixty-eight, died as I have said, at Leitschau, with the rank of colonel, and bore those wounds to his grave which attested his warlike valour.

Francis Baron Trenck was his only son; he had attained the rank of colonel during his father's life, and served with distinction in the army of Maria Theresa.

I shall say nothing of his early youth. The history of his life, which he published in 1747, when he was under confinement at Vienna, is so full of minute circumstances, and so poorly written, that I shall make but little use of it. Here I shall relate only what I have heard from the most credit-  
able

able persons, from his enemies themselves, and what I have myself seen.

His ancient father, a bold and daring foldier, idolizing his only son, and, superlatively avaricious, wholly neglected his education, so that the passions of his son were most unbridled. Endowed by nature with very extraordinary talents, the heir of a rich father, this ardent youth was early his own master, and allowed to indulge the impetuous fire of his constitution. Moderation was ever utterly unknown to him, and good fortune most remarkably favoured all his enterprizes. These were numerous, undertaken from no principle of virtue, nor actuated by any motives of humanity. The love of money, and the desire of fame, were the passions of his soul. All his wishes were successful, therefore were all his wishes indulged. To his warlike inclination was added the insensibility of heart natively wicked; and he found himself an actor, on the great scene of life, at a time when the earth was drenched with human gore, and when the sword decided the fate of nations: hence this chief of pandours, this scourge  
of

of the unprotected, naturally became an iron-hearted enemy, a ferocious foe of the human race, a formidable enemy in private life, and a perfidious friend.

Constitutionally choleric and sanguinary, addicted to voluptuous pleasures, sensual, and brave ; he was unappeased when affronted, prompt to act, in the moment of danger circumspect, and when under the dominion of anger, inhuman and cruel, even to fury ; irreconcilable, artful, fertile in invention, and ever intent on great projects.

When youth and beauty inspired love, he then became supple, insinuating, amiable, gentle, respectful ; yet ever excited, by pride, unceasingly to pursue his purpose, each conquest gave but new desires of adding another slave over whom he might domineer ; and whenever he encountered unshaken resistance, he even then ceased to be avaricious. A prudent and intelligent woman, turning this part of his character to advantage, might have formed this very singular man to virtue, probity, and the love of the human race ;

race ; but from his most tender infancy, his will had never suffered restraint, and he thought nothing impossible. As a soldier, he was bold even to temerity ; capable of the most hazardous enterprise, and of laughing at the danger himself provoked. His ambitious projects were the more elevated because that the acquirement of renown was the intent of all his actions. In council he was dangerous ; every thing must cede to his views. To him the means, by which his end was to be obtained, were indifferent. Woe to the wretch who hoped to excite his compassion, by submission and prayer.

The Croats at this time were undisciplined, prone to rapine, thirsting for human blood, and only taught obedience by violence and blows ; these had been the companions of his infancy : these he undertook to subject, by servitude and fear, to military subordination, and, from banditti, to make them soldiers. His habitual intercourse with such a species of men gave



gave him that fierceness of character, which has been so often remarked in tyrants.

With respect to his exterior, nature had been prodigal of her favours. His height was six feet three inches, and though his stature was thus gigantic, the symmetry of his limbs was exact; his form was upright, his countenance agreeable, yet masculine, and his strength almost incredible. He could sever the head from the body of the largest ox, with one stroke of his sabre, and he was so adroit at this Turkish practice that he at length could behead men in the manner boys do nettles. In the latter years of his life, his aspect was become terrible; for during the Bavarian war he had been scorched by the explosion of a powder-barrel, and ever after his face remained scarred and impregnated with black spots.

In company he rendered himself exceedingly agreeable, spoke seven languages fluently, was jocular, possessed wit, and in serious conversation understanding; had learned music, sung with taste, and had a  
good

a good voice, so that he might have been well paid as an actor, had that been his fate. He could even, when so disposed, become gentle and complaisant : but wherever he could command, he was a monster.

His look told the man of observation, that he was cunning and choleric ; and his wrath was terrible. He was ever suspicious, because he judged others by himself. Self-interest and avarice ever constituted his ruling passion, and whenever he had an opportunity of increasing his wealth, he equally disregarded the duties of religion, the ties of honour, and human pity. In the thirty-first year of his age, when he was possessed of nearly two millions, he did not expend a florin per day, so that he even denied himself necessaries.

As he and his pandours always led the van, and as he thence had opportunity to ravage the country, at the head of troops so addicted to rapine, we must not wonder that Bavaria, Silesia, and Alsatia, were so plundered. He alone purchased the booty from his troops, at a low price, and this  
he

he sent by water to his own estates. If any one of his officers had made a rich capture, Trenck instantly became his enemy. He was sent on every dangerous expedition, till he fell, and the colonel became his universal heir; for Trenck appropriated all he he could to himself.

He was reputed to be a man most expert in military science, an excellent engineer, and to possess an exact eye in estimating heights and distances. Hence had he the first of advantages that a partisan leader can enjoy, that of being perfectly acquainted with the country in which the war is carried on. In all enterprises he was the first; inured to fatigue, his iron body could support it without inconvenience. Nothing escaped his vigilance, all was turned to account, and what valour could not accomplish cunning supplied. His pride suffered him not to incur an obligation, and thus was he by principle unthankful; his actions all centred in self, and as he was remarkable fortunate in whatever he undertook, he ascribed even that

that which accident gave to foresight and genius. Depending thus on himself, he was incapable of seeking, valuing, or maintaining friendship, therefore was abandoned when he most needed the firm support of friendship.

Yet was he, ever as an officer, a most useful and inestimable man to the state. His love and respect for his sovereign, and his zeal in her service, were unbounded : wherever her glory was at stake, he would willingly have devoted himself her victim. This I assert to be truth ; I probed his heart, and knew him well. Of little consequence is it to me, whether the historians of Maria Teresa have or have not, misrepresented his talents, and the fame he deserved. I am one of these biographers who do not stop to relate trifles. I hold it most essential, first, to describe the true character of the man whose life I write ; his virtues, his vices, and his passions, without disguise ; and afterward to support what I have affirmed, by the relation of facts, of the veracity of which the reader will judge,

by



by comparing them with what he has before learned concerning the character of the man, concerning whom such facts are related.

According to principles like these ought all the histories of our heroes and monarchs to be written : their virtues and vices ought so to be portrayed that their successors may not be deceived, but may determine for themselves, according to the characteristic traits laid before their eyes, and amend their own errors. The parasite, and self-interested and the timid historian, alike, are the friends of falsehood. I write not romances to disguise the failings or the crimes, to palliate the detestable acts, or to magnify the virtues, of king, or hero. I write truth for the information and improvement of man.

The life of Trenck I write for the following reasons. He had the honour first to form, and command, regular troops, in Slavonia. The soldiers acquired glory under their leader, and sustained the tottering power of Austria : they made libations

tions of their blood in its defence, as did Trenck, in various battles. He served like a brave warrior, with zeal, loyalty, and effect.

The vile persecutions of his enemies, at Vienna, with whom he refused to share the plunder he had made, lost him honour, liberty, and not only the personal property he had acquired, but likewise, the family patrimony, in Hungary. He died like a malefactor, illegally sentenced, in imprisonment ; and knaves have affirmed, and fools have believed, and believe still, he took the king of Prussia prisoner, and that he granted him freedom, in consequence of a bribe. So have the loyal Hungarians been led to suppose that a Hungarian had really been a traitor.

By my writings, I wish to prove to this noble nation that Trenck, for his loyalty, on the contrary, deserved compassion, esteem, and honour, in his country. This I have already done in the former part of my history. The truth of this affirmation no man denies; for I have offered to bring  
the

the legal acts in testimony of what I have asserted, should the monarch be inclined to examine events so dishonourable to justice, or to act, in this case, as Frederic William has acted, at Berlin, where I have been heard in my own justification. The dead Trenck can speak no more ; but it is the duty of the living ever to speak in defence of right.

Trenck wrote his own history, during the suits carried on against him, while he was confined in the arsenal at Vienna ; and in the last two sheets, he openly related the manner in which he had been treated by the council of war, of which count Löwenwalde, his greatest enemy, was president. The count, however, found supporters too powerful, and these sheets were torn from the book, and publicly burnt by the hangman at Vienna. Defence after this became impossible : he groaned under the gripe of his adversaries.

I have given a literal copy of these sheets in the first volume of my life : and I again repeat, I am able to prove the truth of what  
is

is there asserted, by the acts, proceedings, and judicial registers, which are in my possession. He was confined in the Spielberg, because much was to be dreaded from an injured man, whom they knew capable of the most desperate enterprizes. He died defenceless, the sacrifice of iniquity and unjust judges. He died, and his honour remained unprotected.

I am, by duty his defender : although he expired my personal enemy, and the author of all the ills I have suffered. I came to the knowledge of his persecutors too late for the unfortunate Trenck. And who are those who have divided his spoils ; who slew him that they might fatten themselves ? Who has seen any one of their families render a Trenck to the state ? Who ever discovered a man of noble heart amid their offspring ? Prosperity be to your excellencies, now, by the grace of Heaven and the Empress, the nobles of the land ! Your titles have been paid for from the coffers of Trenck ! Yet neither can these your cabals, your wealthy protectors, your own  
4 riches,



riches, nor your credit at court, deprive me of the right of vindicating his fame.

I have boldly written, have openly shewn, that Trenck was pillaged by you; that he served the house Austria as a worthy man, with fidelity and zeal; not by coming powdered upon the parade; not in court martials, and committees of inquiry; but sword in hand, fighting for his country, sharing the soldier's glory, yet, afterward, falling the victim of envy and power, falling by the hands of those who are unworthy, incapable, of judging merit and probity. He take the King of Prussia! he took the Emperor of Morocco.

Yes he is dead—But should any man on earth dare openly affirm that the Hungarian or the Prussian Trenck were either of them capable of treason, that either of them merited punishment at Vienna or at Berlin, for having betrayed their country, he will not have long to seek before he will be informed that he has done us both injustice. After this preface I shall continue my narrative

rative according to the plan I proposed.

Trenck the father, was a miser, past service, yet a well meaning man. Trenck the son, on the contrary, was a youthful soldier, turbulent and hot, who stood in need of money to indulge his pleasures. Many curious pranks he played, when an ensign in I know not what regiment of foot.

He went to one of the collectors of his father's rents and demanded money ; the collector refused to give him any, and Trenck cleaved his skull with a sabre. A prosecution was commenced against him, \* but war breaking out, in 1736, between the Russians and Turks, he with the permission of the court of Vienna, raised a squadron of hussars, and went with it into the Russian service, contrary to the will of his father. In this war he distinguished himself highly, and acquired the protection of Field-marshal Munich. He was so successful, and so daring, as a partisan leader against the Tartars, that he became very famous in

\* This and similar anecdotes afford a most melancholy picture of the state of vassalage in these countries.

the army, and at the end of the campaign, was appointed major.

It happened, on the same occasion, that flying parties of the Turks approached the front of his regiment, when on march, and Trenck seeing a favourable moment for attacking them, went to Colonel Rumin desiring that the regiment might be led to the charge, and that they might profit by so fair an opportunity. The timid colonel answered, "I have no such orders." Trenck then demanded permission to charge the Turks only with his own squadron; but this was refused.—He immediately became furious, for he had never been acquainted with contradiction or subordination, and cried aloud to the soldiers—"If there be  
"one brave man among you, let him follow me." About two hundred immediately stepped from the ranks; he put himself at their head, routed the enemy, made a horrible carnage, and returned intoxicated with joy, accompanied by prisoners, and loaded with dismembered heads.

Once more arrived in presence of the regiment,

giment, he attacked the colonel, treated him like the rankest coward, called him approbrious names, and beat him, without the other daring to make the least resistance.

The adventure however, became known; Trenck was arrested and ordered to be tried.

His judges condemned him to be shot—and the day was appointed—but the evening before execution, Field-marshal Munich passed either by chance or design, near the tent in which he was confined.—Trenck saw him, come forward, and said,—  
 “Certainly your excellency will not suffer  
 “a foreign cavalier to die an ignominious  
 “death, because he has chastised a coward-  
 “ly Russian! If I must die, at least give  
 “me permission to saddle my horse, and  
 “with my sabre in my hand, let me fall  
 “surrounded by the enemy.”

The Tartars happened to be, at this time, harassing the advanced posts; the field marshal shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.—Trenck, still, not discour-



raged, added—" I will undertake to bring  
 " your excellency three heads, or lose my  
 " own. Will you, if I do, be pleased to  
 " grant me my pardon ?"—The field-mar-  
 shal replied,—“ Yes.” The horse of Trenck  
 was immediately brought ; he galloped to  
 the enemy, and return singly with four  
 heads knotted to his horse’s mane, himself  
 only slightly wounded in the shoulder.

Munich embraced him ; and immediate-  
 ly appointed him to be a major in another  
 regiment.

Various, and almost incredible, were his  
 feats ;—among others, a Tartar ran him  
 through the belly with his lance : Trenck  
 grasped the projecting end with his hands,  
 exerted his prodigious strength, broke the  
 lance, set spurs to his horse, and happily  
 escaped. Of this wound, dreadful as it  
 was, he was soon cured.

I myself have seen the two scars, and  
 that far may affirm the truth of the fact. I  
 also learned this, and many others, in 1746,  
 from officers who had served in the same  
 army,

army, and who had been eye-witnesses of what they related.

During this campaign he behaved with great honour, was wounded by an arrow in the calf of the leg, and gained the affection of the Field-marshal Munich, but excited the envy of all the Russians. Toward the conclusion of the war he had a new misfortune; his regiment was on the march, and incommoded on all sides by the enemy: he treated his colonel, for the love of God, to permit him to attack them. The colonel was once more a Russian, and he was refused. Trenck gave him a blow, and called aloud to the soldiers to follow him. They, however, being Russians remained motionless—and he was put under arrest.

The court martial sentenced him to death—and all hope of reprieve seemed over. The general would willingly have granted his pardon, but, as he was himself a foreigner, he was fearful of offending the Russians by such partiality, they having begun to murmur.

The day of execution came, and he was led to the place of death.—Munich, however, so contrived it that Field Marshal Lowenthal should pass by, at this moment, in company with his lady. Trenck profited by this opportunity, spoke boldly, and prevailed. A reprieve was requested, and the sentence was changed into banishment and labour in Siberia.

Trenck protested against this sentence. The field-marshal wrote to Petersburg, and an order came that he should be broken, and conducted out of the Russian territories. This order was accordingly executed, and he returned into Hungary to his father.

At this period he espoused the daughter of the Field-marshal Baron Tillier, of one of the first families in Switzerland.

The two brothers of his wife, each became lieutenant-general, one of whom died honourably, during the seven years war, and particularly favoured by his sovereign. The other was made commander general in Croatia, where he is still living,  
and

and at the head of a regiment of infantry that bears his name.

Trenck did not long live with his lady. She was pregnant, and his diversions being ever consonant to his unruly temperament, he took her to hunt with him in a marsh, whence she returned ill, being unaccustomed to such exercise, and died, without leaving him any heir.

Warlike inclinations would not permit him to remain idle.—Having no opportunity to indulge these, because of the general peace, he conceived the project of extirpating the Scalvonian banditti.

Before I proceed, it will be proper to describe this race of men, whom no person before him had dared to attack, although they laid the whole country under contribution, and exercised the utmost cruelties.

The titled of their chiefs was Harum-Bashaw; and they were elected from among the strongest, the most intelligent, and the boldest men of the nation. So se-



vere were their laws that the smallest fault was punished by strangling the culprit.

If any one of their comrades had been betrayed, there is no example that they ever so much as spared the infant, even in its mother's womb.

Their vengeance was unlimited ; and if, by chance, the whole band were defeated with slaughter, in such kind of attempts, the new Harum-Bashaw of their successors was bound to carry fire and sword to the place where his predecessor had fallen.

In effect, they were true partisans ; maintained spies in Turkey, and occasionally fell upon the Turkish banditti, taking from them their booty, and plundering and assassinating the caravans of merchants.—Therefore they spread universal terror throughout the country : no one durst expose himself to their enmity ; and all the landholders paid them a small contribution, that they might protect them from the incursions of the Turkish banditti. Such landholders as were their tributaries lived with their vassals, tranquil and in full security:

rity : for it was a law, among the Slavonian banditti, never to forfeit their word.

Each Harum-Bashaw had a stipulated number of men, and when any one of them died, all the youths, most adroit and renowned for their feats, became candidates for the vacant place, because that these banditti lived in abundance, and were not obliged to work.

They freely traversed all the country armed, and are well known by their large rings and buttons of silver. When government thought proper to pursue and attack them, and they were obliged to encounter the regulars, they generally had the advantage, and could take shelter, when attacked, in their vast forests, with the paths and thickets of which they were well acquainted. At such times they became a great nuisance to the neighbouring hamlets, which they pillaged at pleasure.

Trenck therefore, began his military exploits anew against this singular race of men. To execute this enterprize, he employed his own vassals and pandours. He

was afterward assisted by a detachment of regulars, having promised the court of Vienna, that he would totally destroy these banditti. The bloody contest now commenced—men were racked and impaled, and it may perhaps, be safely affirmed that more activity, precaution, and courage were necessary to insure success in such a kind of war, than to lead a great army to the field of battle.

Trenck seemed born for this murderous trade. Day and night on the watch, he chased them like wild beasts, by tracing their footsteps; killing one, then another, and without distinction treating them with the utmost barbarity. Father and son alike must bleed; nor was he himself a moment certain he should not fall into their hands, or be betrayed by his own soldiers.

Two incidents, which I shall here relate will sufficiently paint the character of this unaccountable man.—He had impaled alive the father of a Harum-Bashaw. One evening he was going on patrolle, along the banks of a brook, which separated two provinces

provinces. On the opposite shore was the son of this impaled father, with his Croats. —It was moon light, and the latter called aloud—

“ I hear thy voice, Trenck !—Thou  
 “ hast impaled my father !—Thou perse-  
 “ cuted us like a rascal, with craft and  
 “ cruelty. If thou hast a heart in thy body  
 “ come hither over the bridge—I will send  
 “ away my followers ; leave thy fire arms,  
 “ come only with thy sabre, and we will  
 “ then see who shall remain the victor.”

The agreement was made—and the Harum-Bashaw sent away his Croats, and laid down his musket. Trenck passed the wooden bridge, both drew their sabres ; but Trenck treacherously killed his adversary with a pistol, that he had concealed, after which he severed his head from his body, took it with him, and stuck it upon a pole.

The reader will determine concerning the heroism of this action toward a thief, who, although a thief, behaved so nobly.

Be this as it may, he continued to en-



snare them by every kind of artifice, and to pursue them with unrelenting vengeance. Thus he became the terror and the scourge of that pernicious race.

One day when he was hunting, he heard music in a lone house, which belonging to one of his vassals. He was thirsty, entered, and found the guests seated at table. He sat himself down, and ate with them, not knowing that this very house was a place of rendezvous for the banditti.

As he was seated opposite the door, at a long narrow table, he saw two Harum Bashaws, armed and of a gigantic stature, enter. His musket stood in a corner; he was struck with terror; but one of the banditti, addressed him thus.

“ Neither thee, nor thy vassals, Trenck,  
 “ have we ever injured, yet, dost thou  
 “ pursue us with unexampled cruelty. We  
 “ think more nobly. Eat thy fill; we  
 “ could nail thee to the wall; but fear no-  
 “ thing. When thou hast satisfied thy  
 “ hunger, we will then, sabre in hand, see  
 “ who has most justice on his side, and  
 “ whether

“ whether thou art as courageous and as  
 “ invincible as men speak thee.”

Hereupon they sat themselves down opposite the table, and began to eat and drink and make merry. The situation of Trenck could not be very pleasant. He recollected that beside these two giants, there might be more of their companions without ready to fall upon him; he therefore privately drew his pistols from his pocket, held them under the table while he cocked them, presented each hand to the body of a Harum-Bashaw, fired them both at the same instant, oversat the table on the other guests, and safely escaped from the house. As he went he had time enough to seize on one of their muskets, which was standing at the door. One of the Croats was left weltering in his blood; the other disengaged himself from the table, and ran like a man frantic after Trenck, who suffered him to approach, killed him with his own gun, struck off his head, and brought it home in triumph.

By this action the banditti were deprived

ed of their two most valorous chiefs, and likewise, of their courage, so that cut off on every side, numbers of them took refuge in the Turkish states.

War broke out about this time, in the year 1740, when all the Hungarians took up arms in defence of their lovely and beloved queen. Trenck wrote to Vienna, offered to raise a free corps of pandours, and requested a general amnesty for all the banditti who should join his troops. His request was granted, he published his amnesty, and began to raise recruits; few, however, of the banditti came to join his colours; he therefore enrolled his own vassals, formed a corps of about five hundred men, went in search of the robbers, drove them into a strait between the Save and Sarfawa, where they at length capitulated, and about three hundred of them enrolled themselves with his pandours.

Most of these men were six feet in height, upright, determined, and experienced soldiers, that could swim, and were accustomed to run, like roe-bucks, for  
miles

miles through their forests. These were necessary requisites before they could be admitted among the banditti.

It is not to be wondered at that an able leader of men like these found nothing impossible, or that he should perform, brave and daring as he was, even to rashness, feats that almost appear miraculous. So long as any of these banditti remained the name of the pandours was terrible ; but a man like himself only was capable of establishing discipline and subordination, among them. To indulge them on certain occasions, in their riots and their thirst of pillage, were means which he often successfully employed to lead them where he pleased, and to render them victorious. To be dauntless in the midst of danger, to be ever at their head, to speak only of plunder and good cheer, are the requisites for an officer of such troops, and without which he will find it difficult to lead them to the attack. Should they perceive timidity in him, they become inactive, mutinous, and desert. To render them effective he must  
treat



treat them with severity, and must wink at that excess of barbarity to which they often abandon themselves.

By means like these Trenck accomplished his purposes, became the terror of the enemies of Austria, and rendered most signal services to his Empress.

The event I am going to relate happened in 1741, when his soldiers were yet undisciplined.

While he was exercising his regiment, a company fired upon Trenck with ball, and killed his horse under him, and his servant that stood by his side. He ran, furious, to the company, counted one, two, three, and beheaded the fourth. He was continuing this when a Harum-Bashaw left the ranks, drew his sabre, and called aloud,—“ It was I who fired upon thee, defend thyself.” The soldiers stood motionless spectators. Trenck attacked him, and had the good fortune to hew him down.

He was then proceeding to continue the execution of the fourth man, but the whole regiment presented their arms. The revolt became

became general, and Trenck, still holding his drawn sabre, ran like a lion amidst them, hacking about him on all sides. The excess of his rage was terrific : the soldiers all called Hold, each fell on his knees, and promised obedience. After this, he cordially embraced some of them, remonstrated and harangued to them in language suitable to their character, and, from that time, they became invincible soldiers, whenever they were headed by himself.

It may well be asked whether a man, who in like peril is capable of acting with like intrepidity, ought to be judged by common rules. Trenck, however, was condemned by the decision of some pacific court-martial judges, who had grown old in a soldier's uniform, without ever having stained it with their own blood. Let the situation of Trenck be considered : be it remembered that he was the chief of a band of robbers, accustomed to rapine, and who supposed they were authorised to take whatever they pleased, in an enemy's country ; a banditti that had so often defied the gallows, that had never known military subordination.

subordination. Let such men be suddenly led to the field, and opposed to regular troops. That they are never acted upon by a principle of honour is evident; their leader, therefore, is obliged to excite their avidity by the hope of plunder, thus to engage them in action; for, if they perceive no personal advantage, the command of the chief, or the interest of the sovereign, are wholly insufficient to make them act. Turks may be led to battle from such motives, but not the artful Slavonian, who flies danger where nothing is to be gained.

Trenck had, likewise, need of a particular species of officers. They, like their chief, must at once be daring, yet cautious. They were partisans, and must, therefore, be more capable of supporting fatigue, than any regular troops; more desirous of daily seeking the enemy, and hazarding their lives. Few are to be found who have the inclination and the qualities requisite for so dangerous a trade; and, when such forces are first raised, the first who present themselves are necessarily accepted.

As he was himself never absent at the time of action, he soon became acquainted with the character of those whom he called old women, and sent them from his regiment, without any other process than his own command, when he learned that any one among them had hidden himself in a ditch, or had not run to the assault at the head of his pandours. The number of officers so discharged increased, they all repaired to Vienna, vented their complaints, and were heard.

Envious of his good fortune, the enemies of Trenck were on the watch. His own avarice prevented him from making any division of his rich booty with those gentlemen who constituted the military courts, thus neglecting what was customary at Vienna : and in this originated the prosecution to which he fell a victim.

Scarcely had he entered Austria, with his Sclavonian troops, before he found an opportunity of gathering laurels. The French army was defeated at Lintz. Trenck every where pursued them, treated his prisoners with barbarity ; and never granting quarter in battle,  
the



the very appearance of his pandours inspired terror. Their cruelties, their irresistible attacks, and the artful stratagems they had learnt in their thievish apprenticeship, were productive of effects equally dreadful and unforeseen. Trenck was prudent, vigilant, a great warrior, and knew how to profit by the slightest advantage. From this time he became known and renowned, gained the confidence of Prince Charles, and the particular esteem of the Field-marshal Count Kevenhuller, who had penetration to discover the worth of the man, and to turn the talents he possessed to advantage. No partisan had ever before obtained so much power as Trenck; he every where preceded the army, and pursued the enemy as far as Bavaria, carrying fire and sword wherever he went. The state reaped the advantages of conquest, and the pandours of plunder, by the hope of which alone they were actuated, and, under a leader so proper for themselves, enacted wonders.

Bavaria was laid waste. Prince Charles granted Trenck a *carte blanche*, and as it was  
known

known Trenck gave no quarter, the Bavarians, and the French, flew at the sight of a red mantle. Pillage and murder attended the pandours wherever they went, and their colonel bought up all the booty they acquired.

Chamb, in particular, was a scene of dreadful and savage massacre. The city was set on fire at every corner, and the inhabitants miserably perished in the flames; those women and children, who endeavoured to fly, were obliged to pass over a bridge, where they were first stripped, and afterward thrown into the water. This action was one of the accusations brought against Trenck, when he was prosecuted; but he alledged in his justification,

First, That the citizens of Chamb had cut off the hands of six pandour prisoners, and had led them in triumph through the town.

Secondly, That the place had been taken by assault.

Thirdly, That Prince Charles had given him orders thus to act.

The

The banks of the Iser at this day reverberate groans for the barbarities of Trenck. Deckendorf and Filtzhofen felt all his fury. In the first of these towns, six hundred French prisoners capitulated, although his forces were four miles distant; but he formed a kind of straw men, on which he put pandour caps and cloaks, and set them up as centinels, and the garrison, intimidated and deceived by this stratagem, signed the capitulation, in company only of himself, his adjutant, and some officers.

The important services he rendered the army during the Bavarian war are well known in the history of Maria Teresa, though his actions have ever been represented with a face the least favorable. The good he has done has been purposely passed over in silence, because he died under misfortunes, and did not leave his historian a legacy.

He was informed by a spy that, either at Deckendorf or Filtzhofen, I do not exactly remember which, there was a barrel, containing twenty thousand florins, concealed at the house of an apothecary. Impelled by the  
desire

desire of booty, Trenck hastened to the place indicated, with a candle in his hand, searching every where, and, in his hurry, dropt a spark into a quantity of gun-powder which happened to be there, by the explosion of which he was dashed against the ground, and dreadfully scorched. They carried him off; but the scars, and the gun-powder with which his skin was blackened, in consequence of this accident, rendered his countenance remarkably terrific.

The present field-marshal Laudohn was at that time a lieutenant in his regiment, and happened to be at the door when his colonel was burnt. Scarcely was Trenck cured before his spies informed him that Laudohn had plenty of money, and that he and his friends lived merrily. Immediately, suspected that Laudohn had indubitably found the barrel of florins, and from that moment he persecuted this worthy man, by all imaginable arts. Wherever there was danger he sent him, at the head of some thirty men, against three hundred, hoping to have him cut off, and to make himself his heir.

This



This was so often repeated that Laudohn began to be weary, quitted the corps, and retreated to Vienna, where, joining the crowd of the accusers and enemies of Trenck, he became instrumental in his destruction. Yet is it certain that, in the beginning, Trenck had shewn a friendship for Laudohn, had given him a commission, and that this at present truly great man learned, in the society and under the command of Trenck, his military principles.

General Tillier, whose warlike ardour is well known to the whole army, was likewise formed in this nursery of soldiers, where officers were taught activity, stratagem, and enterprize. And who are now more capable of commanding a Hungarian army than Tillier and Laudohn?

I one day said to 'Trenck, when he was in Vienna, embarrassed by all the difficulties of his prosecution, and when he had published a defamatory writing against all his accusers, excepting no man,——“ You have always  
 “ told me that Laudohn was one of the most  
 “ capable of your officers, and that he is a  
 worthy

“ worthy man. Wherefore then do you class  
“ him among such wretches? ”

He replied, “ What! would you have me  
“ praise a man, who labours, at the very head  
“ of my enemies, to rob me of honour, pro-  
“ perty, and life! ”

I have related this incident only to prove, by the public testimony of so honourable a man, that Trenck was a great soldier, and a zealous patriot, and that he never took the King of Prussia prisoner, as has been meanly, because falsely, affirmed, and as is still believed by the silly multitude. Had such a thing happened, Laudohn must have been present, and certainly would have supported this charge. That he did not is the best proof of my assertion, by which I vindicate the honour of the family, as in duty bound to my children.

Bavaria was totally plundered by Trenck, as has been said: barges were loaded with gold, silver, and effects, which he sent to his estates in Slavonia; Prince Charles and Count Kevenhuller countenanced his proceedings; but when Field-marshal Neuperg

was at the head of the army, he had other principles. He was connected with Baron Tiebes, a counsellor of the Hofkriegsrath, who was all-puissant over military men, and consequently was the enemy of Trenck.

Persecution proceeded so far that a suit was at that time instituted against him, and Trenck was imprisoned; but he defended himself so powerfully that in a month's time he was set at liberty,

Mentzel mean while, had the command of the pandours; and this man, who was the son of a butcher, and who had none of the principles of a soldier, appropriated to himself all the fame that Trenck had acquired by the valour of warriors he himself had formed.

Mentzel attained the reputation of an excellent partisan, but it was well known to the army he never was the equal of Trenck, nor will he so be called in history. Trenck now increased the number of his Croats to four thousand, from whom, in 1743, a regiment of Hungarian regulars was formed, but who still retained the name of pandours. It was a regiment of infantry.

Trenck

Trenck had also six hundred hussars, and one hundred and fifty chasseurs, whom he raised and equipped at his own expence. Yet, when this corps was reduced, all was sold for the profit of the imperial treasury, or in some manner embezzled, without ever bringing a shilling to account.

With a corps so numerous, he was capable of undertaking great enterprizes. The enemy fled wherever he was named. He continually led the van, raised contributions which amounted to several millions, carried various places by assault, delivered into the hands of his emprefs, during the space of five years, seven thousand prisoners, French and Bavarian, and more than three thousand Prussians, having slaughtered at least as many, which no other partisan can boast.

A circumstance most remarkable is, he never was defeated. His projects were all successful: he therefore, gained esteem and confidence among his troops, and will eternally remain in the page of history the first man who rendered the rude and savage Croats efficient soldiers.



This it was impossible to perform among a stupid and blood-thirsty people, without being guilty himself of extravagant and cruel acts. The necessity of the excesses he committed, at a time when the army was every where in want of forage, was so evident that he received the unlimited permission of Prince Charles, though for this he was afterward prosecuted; while, on the contrary, the plunders of Barenklau, Mentzel, and the whole army, were never once questioned.

That Trenck advanced more than a hundred thousand florins, to his regiment, I clearly proved, in the year 1750. This proof also came too late. He was dead. The evidence brought, however, occasioned the quartermaster Frederici to be eight months imprisoned. He confessed the embezzlement of this money, yet he found so many friends among the enemies of Trenck that he refunded nothing, but was released in the year 1754, when I was thrown into the dungeon of Magdeburg.

I was not an eye witness, therefore cannot recapitulate all the services my cousin rendered

ed the house of Austria. The greater part of what he himself told me has escaped my memory. Many of his acts, however are well known to history, and would indeed have been unceasingly extolled in the annals of Maria Terefa, had not he been thus persecuted.

Nothing can be more astonishing than that this same man, who had possessed so many opportunities of amassing exorbitant wealth, in Bavaria, Silesia, and Alsatia, and who had lived like a miser, that so he might amass, did not at his death leave the half of the property he had inherited from his father, and which legally descended to me, although it was torn from me by violence.

In 1744 he obliged the French to retire beyond the Rhine, seized on a fort near Philipsburg, swam across the river with seventy pandours, attacked the fortifications, slew the Marquis de Crevecœur with his own hand, a death he merited by his negligence, manned the post, afterward traversed the other arm of the Rhine, surprised two Bavarian regiments of cavalry in their camp,

and by this daring manœuvre, secured the passage of the Rhine to the whole army, which, but for him, would not have been effected.

His valour then spread terror and fear throughout Alsatia. Wherever he came, he laid the country under contribution, and, at this moment of triumph for the Austrian arms, opened himself a passage on what side he pleased, to enter the territories of France.

In September 1744, war having once more broken out between Austria and Prussia, the imperial army was obliged precipitately to return, abandon Alsatia, and hasten to the succour of the Austrian states. Trenck, who had so happily opened the passage of the Rhine for the army, as gloriously succeeded in covering its retreat.

The history of Maria Teresa declares what were the damages he did the enemy, during the campaign of this memorable year. He gave very signal proofs of his capacity and zeal at Tabor and Budweis. With three hundred men only, he had the boldness to attack one of those towns, which was defend-

ed by the two Prussian regiments of Walrabe and Kreutz. An enterprize like this, against Prussian soldiers, sufficiently speaks the man.

He found, however, that the water in the moats of the town, was deeper than his spies had declared it to be, and the scaling ladders too short: most of those led to the attack were drowned or killed in the water, and the small number that crossed the moats were made prisoners. The garrisons of Tabor, of Budweis, and that of the castle of Frauenberg, were, nevertheless, induced to capitulate, and yield themselves prisoners of war, although the main body under Trenck was still more than five miles distant.

His corps did not come up till the morrow, and it was ridiculous enough to see the pandours dressed in the caps of the Prussian fusileers and pioneers, which they wore instead of their own, and which they afterward continued to wear.

Unprejudiced persons will determine whether these were real services rendered to his empress.



The campaign to him was uninterruptedly glorious, and the enemy's want of light troops gave free scope to his enterprizes, highly to their prejudice. His activity was incessant, and he never returned without prisoners. He passed the Elbe near Pardubitz, took the magazines, and was himself the cause of the great dearth, and unheard-of desertion, among the Prussians, and of that hasty retreat, to which they were forced.

The king was at Colin with his headquarters, where I myself was with him, when Trenck attacked the town, which, I presume, he must have carried, had he not, on the first assault, been wounded by a cannon ball, which shattered his right foot. He was, therefore, taken away, and the attack did not succeed. His wound was very dangerous. The Empress Queen thought proper to send him a surgeon from Vienna. The foot was obliged to be all laid open; he lost the ankle bone, and even a part of the tibia, and remained four months confined to his bed, like a furious madman at being so long unable to assault the enemy, while his men  
without

without him, remained but so many cyphers.

In 1745 he went to Vienna, where his entrance into the city resembled a triumph. Every body ran to see, and wonder at, the Pandour Trenck, and this universal applause did but the more increase the envy of his enemies. The Empress Queen received him with the most honourable distinction. He appeared in her presence with crutches; she obliged him to be seated, and, by her condescending speech, inflamed his zeal even to extravagance.

Who would, in this moment, have supposed that the favourite of the people, the most loyal and ardent of the soldiers of her majesty, should that very same year, be enchained at Vienna; and that he there should vent his groans, abandoned to the unlimited power of his enemies; who collectively had not rendered, during their whole lives, so much essential service to the state, as Trenck had done in a single day: Thus does destiny sport with the lives and fortunes of men.

Intoxicated as he was with joy, he returned to his estate, and raised eight hundred new recruits, that he might in the following campaign, gather new laurels. He rejoined the army, obtained whatever he asked at court and was continually active, during the whole summer, in the executing of incessant and laborious projects.

At the battle of Sarau, which was fought in September, he fell upon the Prussian camp, and as I have before related, seized on the tent of the King, and his service of plate ! but he came an hour too late to attack the rear, as had been preconcerted. The politic Frederic willingly gave up his camp to be plundered, for the rude Croats, engaged in this business, could not easily be drawn off to attack the army, and the King was prepared to receive them, even if they should. In the mean time, the imperial army was defeated.

Here was an open field for the enemies of Trenck to incite the people against him, and render him suspected by the court.

court. They publicly accused him of having made the King of Prussia a prisoner in his tent, and of afterward restoring him to liberty; that he also remained pillaging the camp, instead of attacking the rear of the army, and that he alone thus occasioned the loss of the battle. His friends informed him of what was going forward, and that the storm was gathering.

After having gloriously ended the campaign, he returned to Vienna to defend himself. Here he found, already assembled three and twenty of his officers, whom he had cashiered, and expelled his regiment; most of them either for cowardice or mean actions. Perhaps, among them, there might be three or four, who had just cause of complaint; but these were poor, and without protection. There were however, wicked men enough to be found, who suffered themselves to be seduced by the enemies of Trenck, to bear false testimony. The military counsellor



Weber, and General Loewenwalde, had sworn his downfall, which they effected. Their principal view was the sequestration of his property, that they might securely fish in troubled waters.

Trenck, who was innocent of any state crime, despised these attacks. While these things remained thus, they posted one of the Empress's female attendants, with instructions to profit by every favourable opportunity to deprive him of her confidence. Than this nothing could be more easy. It was presently affirmed, Trenck is an atheist ! A libertine ! Who never tells his beads ! Who never prays to the holy virgin ! Who never buys indulgencies.

His debauched life was the next topic, his barbarities committed in the enemy's country ; the unbridled excess of his pandours ; his robberies in the churches of Ea-varia ; his plunderings, and the vast riches he had accumulated ; all which had been done with an evident intention of becoming a dangerous rebel in Sclavonia !

The

The officers whom he had broken, whispered it, in tap-rooms and coffee-houses, that Trenck had taken and set free the King of Prussia. This was sufficient to raise the cry among the silly and fanatic mob of Vienna. Teased by their complaints, and at the requisition of Trenck himself, the Empress-Queen commanded that a legal examination should be undertaken of these accusations. Field-marshal Cordova, a man of merit and probity, was chosen to preside over this committee of enquiry. He acquitted himself with impartiality, spoke the truth, and drew up a state of the case, which he presented to the court, and which I shall here cite.

“ The complaints brought against him  
 “ were all of a nature not to require a  
 “ court martial. Trenck had, occasional-  
 “ ly, behaved improperly to some officers  
 “ whom he had broken by his own proper  
 “ authority ; therefore, there demands  
 “ ought to be satisfied, by the payment of  
 “ twelve thousand florins. The remaining  
 “ accusations were all the vile attempts of  
 “ re-

“revenge and calumny, and were totally  
 “insufficient to detain, at Vienna, en-  
 “tangled in law-suits, a man so necessary  
 “to the army. Moreover it would be pru-  
 “dent not to enquire too minutely into  
 “trifles, in consideration of his import-  
 “ant services.”

Trenck, dissatisfied by this sentence, and animated by avarice and pride, refused to pay a single florin, took post and retired to his estates in Sclavonia.

His presence was necessary at Vienna, to obtain other advantages against his enemies, whom he despised too much, and whom he already supposed conquered. They, on the contrary, profiting by every occasion, gave the Empress-Queen to understand, through a third person, that being a man excessively dangerous, whenever he supposed himself injured, Trenck had, perhaps very pernicious views in Sclavonia, where all men were dependant on his power.

Yet how did my cousin act on his estates?—He raised six hundred more men,  
 with

with whom he made a glorious campaign in the Netherlands, and in October 1746, returned to Vienna. It is well known that after the peace of Dresden, his regiment was incorporated among the regulars, and served against France.

Scarcely had he arrived at Vienna before an express order came, from the Empress-Queen, that he must remain under arrest in his chamber.

Here he rendered himself guilty by the most imprudent action of his whole life, which every man in his senses most disapprove, but yet which marks the intractability of his character, though it afforded new arms to his enemies.

He ordered his most sumptuous carriage and best horses, left his chamber by his own private authority, and despising the imperial mandate, went publickly to the theatre, where the Empress-Queen was present.

In one of the boxes he saw Count Gofsau, in company with a quondam comrade of his own, whom he had cashiered ; these  
ho-



honourable persons were amongst the foremost of his accusers. Enflamed with anger and the desire of revenge, he entered the box like a madman, seized Count Gossau, and would have thrown him into the pit, in the presence of the sovereign herself. Gossau drew his sword, and endeavoured to run him through, but the latter seized it, wounding himself in the hand. Every body ran to save Gossau, who was unable to defend himself against so savage a giant. After this exploit, the grim colonel of pandours returned foaming home.

Such an action rendered it impossible for Maria Teresa to declare herself the protectress of a man so rash. Centinels, therefore, were placed over him, and his enemies so well profited by his imprudence and passion that in a few days, he was ordered to be tried by a court-martial.

General Loewenwald intrigued so successfully that he procured himself to be named, by the Hofkriegsrath, president of the court-martial, and of the committee of enquiry, and to be charged with the sequel-

questration of the property of Trenck. In vain did the latter protest against his judge. The very man whom the year before, he had kicked out of the anti-chamber of Prince Charles, received full powers to denounce him guilty.

Then was it that, as I have before said, public notice was given that all those who would come and prefer complaints, or bear witness against Colonel Baron Trenck, should receive a ducat per day, while the council continued to sit. How quickly complainants would increase may be easily imagined. They soon amounted to fifty-four, the major part of whom had merited the pillory, and who, in the space of four months, received fifteen thousand florins deducted from the property of Trenck.

The judge himself purchased the depositions of false witnesses ; and I here declare, upon my honour, that Count Löwenwalde offered me a thousand ducats, if I would betray the secrets of my cousin ; and that he farther promised me I should  
very

very soon be put in possession of my confiscated estates in Prussia, and have a company in a regiment.

A prosecution managed by such judges, supported by such witnesses, must of necessity, be for the righteous purpose of obtaining justice !

I am convinced, and the acts of the revision of the process of Trenck will prove, that more than forty manifestly false oaths were, on this occasion, sworn.

Trenck was accused, on the tenth sitting of having, through his negligence, been the cause of the loss of the battle of Sorau. This accusation he proved to be false, by a written testimony under the hand of Prince Charles himself, who declared that the officer of artillery, sent with the order for Trenck to march to the attack, had lost himself, and that he did not arrive till a few moments before the battle began. This proof so highly irritated Count Loewenwalde, that he broke out into furious expressions against Prince Charles. Trenck, who loved and honoured his benefactor,  
be-

became so furious that he instantly seized the president by the throat, tossed him up as a tiger would a cat, carried him to the window, which he opened, and would certainly have dashed him headlong from the fourth story, had not the persons present flew to his aid.

The guard entered, Trenck was immediately conducted to the military house of correction, and chained hand and foot, as a malefactor ; chained by that very foot which, so short a time before, had been shattered in the service of his sovereign, and which was not then entirely cured. His behaviour was unfaithfully related at court ; this sentence of imprisonment was confirmed, and, from that time Trenck was obliged to appear fettered, like a criminal, before his enemies, to answer false accusations.

That the indictment, and the examinations of the witnesses, were falsified, has already been legally proved in the revision of the cause ; but as the indictment did not contain one single article that could affect



fect his life, they invented the following stratagem, as I here pledge my honour to prove.

A public courtesan, the mistress of Baron Rippenda, who was a member of the court-martial, was bribed, and made an oath she was the daughter of Count Schwerin, field-martial in the Prussian service, and that she was in bed with the King of Prussia, when Trenck surprised the camp, at Sorau, made her and the King prisoners, and restored them their freedom. She even ventured to name Baron Hilaire, aid-de-camp to Frederic, who she affirmed was then present.

Hilaire, who afterward married the Baroness Tillier, and who consequently was brother-in-law to Trenck, fortunately happened to be in Vienna. He was confronted with this woman, and her falsehood became evident. That worthy gentleman was nevertheless obliged to remain in prison where they secretly offered him bribes, which he refused to accept; and as it was necessary to prevent his speaking, he continued

tinued in prison some weeks, and was not released till, by a revision of the suit, this shameful proceeding was made public.

Notwithstanding my having related the adventure of this fine lady, in the history of my own life, yet I shall be pardoned the repetition, in this brief life of Francis Baron Trenck, to which it properly belongs : it is necessary. The greater part of the nobility of Vienna continue in the erroneous belief that Trenck was justly condemned, for offences against the state, to the Spielberg, and that his estates were legally confiscated. As this is absolutely false, and is no where on record, I am obliged here to be some what more diffuse, and to repeat circumstances that have been told before.

The stupid people, nevertheless, continued to exclaim that Trenck was a traitor to his country : and I myself, although he has been dead these forty years, have been obliged to hear this dishonourable reproach repeated various times in companies in Vienna.

Count

Count Leowenwalde invented another infernal artifice ; he drew up a false indictment, having taken care to give orders that none of Trenck's friends should have admission to him ; and, that he might be prevented all means of justification, or of discovering the deceit, he chose a day, to put it in practice, when the Emperor and Prince Charles were gone to hunt at Holutzsch. Loewenwalde's court-martial had already signed a sentence of death, and every preparation for the immediate erecting of a scaffold was made. His intention was then to go to the Empress-Queen, and induce her to sign the sentence, under a pretence that there was some imminent peril at hand, if a man so dangerous to the state was not immediatly put out of the way, and that it would be necessary to execute the sentence of death during night, before the Emperor could return. He well knew that the Emperor was better acquainted with Trenck, and had ever been his protector.

Had

Had this diabolical plan succeeded, Trenck would have died like a traitor; the most noble Miss Schwerin would have espoused the aid-du-camp of Count Loewenwalde, with a portion of fifty thousand florins, taken from the funds of Trenck, and his property would undoubtedly have been divided between his judges and his accusers.

As it happened, however, the valet-de-chambre of Count Loewenwalde, who, on some occasions, was an honest man, and who had an intimacy with a former mistress of Trenck, confided the whole secret to her. She immediately flew to colonel Baron Lopresti, who was the sincere friend of my kinsman, and being then rich, and powerful at court, was on that occasion, his deliverer. The Emperor and Prince Charles were informed of what was in agitation, but they thought proper to keep the secret. The hunting at Holitzsch took place on the appointed day. Count Loewenwalde made his appearance before the Empress-Queen, and solicited her to sign the sentence.



tence. She however, had been pre-informed, the Emperor unexpectedly returned on the same day, and their abominable project proved abortive. The fraud was clearly demonstrated to Maria Terefa; the self-called Mi's Schwerin was imprisoned; Loewenwalde was deprived of his power, as well as of the sequestration of the effects of Trenck; a total revision of the proceedings of the court-martial, and of the prosecution of my cousin, was ordered, which was an event that, till then, was unexampled at Vienna.

His affairs, after this, took another turn: Trenck was freed from his fetters, and was removed to the arsenal, where he was allowed four chambers, an officer to guard him, and every convenience he could wish. He was also permitted the use of a counsellor, and to defend his cause. I obtained myself by the influence of the emperor, leave to visit him at all times, and to aid him in all things.

It was at this epocha that I, having recently escaped from the prison of Glatz, arrived at Vienna, and, at this very instant,  
when

when the revision of the prosecution was commanded, and determined on, count Loewenwalde, supposing me a needy, thoughtless youth, endeavoured to bribe me, and prevail on me to betray my kinsman.

Prince Charles of Lorrain then desired me seriously to represent to Trenck, that his avarice had been the cause of all these troubles, for he had refused to pay the paltry sum of twelve thousand florins, by which he might easily have silenced all his accusers; but that, at present, affairs had become so very serious, he ought himself to secure his judges for the revision of the suit; to spare no money, and then he might be certain of every protection the prince could afford.

The respectable field-marshal Konigseck, governor of Vienna, was appointed president; but being an old man, almost superannuated, and tormented by the gout, he was unable to preside at any one sitting of the court. Count S—— was the vice-president, a subtle, infatiable judge, who never thought he had money enough. I myself took three thousand ducats, which baron Lopresti gave me, agree-

ably to the desire of Trenck, to this most worthy counsellor.

The two counsellors, Komerkanfquy and Zetto, each received four thousand rix-dollars, in advance, with a promise of double the sum were Trenck acquitted, and his accusers banished Austria.

The other members appointed for this revision were of small importance; they were merely the echoes of whatever the three first pronounced.

In consequence, there was a formal contract drawn up, which a certain noble lord secretly signed.

The reader will well suppose that the affairs of Trenck began to wear a much more favourable aspect. He was defended, on the criminal part of the prosecution, by the advocate Gerhauer, and, on the civil, by Berger.

They began with the self-created daughter of Marshal Schwerin; and, to conceal the iniquitous proceedings of the late court-martial, it was thought proper that she should act insanity, and return incoherent answers to the  
I
questions

questions put by the examiner. Trenck insisted that a more severe enquiry should be instituted; and they affirmed, that she had been conducted out of the Austrian territories.

Six years after this event, I met with her at Brunn, when Trenck was dead. She had married a menial person, and owned she had been induced to play this part by the valet de chambre of count Loewenwalde, from whom she had received a bribe of five hundred florins.

My intention was, on my return to Brunn, to oblige her to make legal oath of this: but her husband had been guilty of a theft, and they had both absconded.

I am now grieved at my own negligence; I might have vindicated the honour of Trenck, and have convinced the Empress of the truth. However, Loewenwalde was dead, and, therefore, it was of the less consequence. It is a fact, well worthy remark, that, neither in the records of the court-martial, nor in those of this revision of the cause, is there one word to be found concerning the noble lady, Miss Schwerin.



Rascality and wickedness, so manifest in a judge, ought to have been proclaimed aloud by the herald at arms, and published in all the gazettes of Vienna; and she who affirmed herself to be mistress of the great Frederic, chained to her suborner, and exhibited on a public scaffold. Her pretended insanity was no justification of the court-martial. Trenck required she should be produced before the court of revision, but ineffectually.

Oh shame upon that Christian monarchy, where men who have rendered services so great to their country, as those my kinsman had rendered, are liable to treatment like this! What are the means an upright man must pursue, in such states, to obtain justice?

I shall now insert another of the articles of this criminal process.

Trenck was accused of having ordered a certain pandour, named Paul Diack, to suffer the bastinado of a thousand blows, and that he had died under the punishment. This was sworn to by two officers, then his accusers, now great men in the army, who, in their  
deposi-

depositions, said they were eye-witnesses of the fact.

Although many men in the regulars have died under these kind of military punishments, and no accusation was ever brought against the inflictors, I will, yet, relate what was, in this instance, the truth.

When the revision of the suit began, Trenck sent me into Slavonia, where I found the dead Paul Diack alive and merry, and brought him to Vienna. He was examined by the court, where it appeared that the two officers, who had sworn they were present when he expired, and had seen him buried, were, at that time, a hundred-and-sixty miles from the regiment, and recruiting in Slavonia. Paul Diack had been engaged in plots, and had mutinied three times. Trenck had pardoned him, as he was an extremely useful soldier, one of the banditti; but, afterward mutinying once more, with forty others, he was condemned to death. At the place of execution he called to his colonel, "Father, if I receive a thousand blows, will you pardon me?" Trenck replied in the affirmative.

He received the punishment, was taken to the hospital, cured; and, on this occasion, proved the perjury of the accusers of Trenck.

I brought with me fourteen more witnesses from Sclavonia, who attested the falsity of other articles of accusation, which in themselves were little worthy of attention. The cause wore a new aspect; it was impossible to substantiate any one of the criminal charges, and the wickedness of those, who were so desirous to have seen him executed, became apparent.

They also accused him of having robbed and murdered a dealer in second-hand trinkets and laces, in Vienna, who was found strangled; and, soon afterward, the man who had committed the crime was discovered, and broken upon the wheel.

Such was the treatment of a man who had endured all hardships, suffered all pains, had watched day and night, been in the field winter and summer, and, with unshaken zeal, and incredible labour, had supported, fought for, bled for, the house of Austria.

I appeal to all the noble nation of Hungary;  
I appeal to the whole world, whether the  
pandours

pandours of Trenck behaved, in the wars in which they were engaged, like that paltry corps which they have been represented to be at Vienna. Since the time that they have been on the establishment of the regulars of the Hungarian infantry, it is certain that, in thirty years, they have not destroyed so many enemies, taken so many towns, levied so many contributions, or made so many prisoners, as they did, when commanded by Trenck in one year. Past services are ever forgotten, and, as to future, they are ever uncertain. The tactics of Trenck were very different from those of the present day. Some of our modern holiday generals will say, when they are storming imaginary trenches at a review—  
 “ What was Trenck? He was but a pan-  
 “ dour! His regiment could not be capable  
 “ of any essential service, except it had been  
 “ taught our present tactics.” So let them say; for my part, I am persuaded Trenck was much wanted during the seven years war, and certainly the pandours were much less spoken of than when the man, who formed them, wielded at their head his patriotic sabre for



the glory of the house of Austria, and manœuvred on the field of battle, according to his practical tactics.

May every insulted country find many Trencks as defenders! Certain it is that the tottering throne of Maria Teresa was most ably supported by the present despised pandours.

One of the most capital articles in the prosecution, and which for ever deprived him of favour or commiseration from his virtuous and apostolic mistress, and for which alone he was condemned to the Spielberg, was, that he had ravished the daughter of a miller in Silesia. This was made oath of, and he was not entirely cleared of the charge in the revision, because his accusers had excluded all means of justification. Two years, however, after his death, I likewise discovered the truth of this affair. The author of this wicked artifice was major Manstein, one of our first cousins, on whom he had heaped favours, whom he had relieved from the deepest distress, and raised to the rank of major in his regiment, when he had only been four years in

in the service. This Manstein was vile enough to accuse him of such a crime that he might prevent his return to the regiment; his motive was, because that he, in conjunction with the quarter-master, Frederici, had appropriated, to their own purposes, eighty-four thousand florins of the regimental money.

No sooner should Trenck be dead than he might be accused of this embezzlement. Yet, it is certain, that this miller's virgin was the mistress of Manstein, before she had ever been seen by Trenck. The virtuous Maria Teresa, however, would never forgive him; and, in order to satisfy the honour of this distressed damsel, he was condemned to pay eight thousand florins to her, and fifteen thousand to the chest of the invalids, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment.

Sixty-three civil suits had I to defend, and all the appeals of his accusers to terminate, after his death. I gained them all, and his worthy accusers were condemned in costs, as well as to refund the so much per day, which had been paid them by general Loewenwalde, but they were all poor, and I might  
seek

seek the money where I could. In justice, Loewenwalde ought to have reimbursed me. The total of the sum they received amounted to about fifteen thousand florins, to me for ever lost.

Never had it before been heard of that any judge decreed payment to a plaintiff before it was allowed by the court that his demand was legal. So it was, however, in the Trenck cause; nor was any judge punished, any retribution made, after the illegality of the act had been demonstrated.

What reader but must shudder at such practices? What must be his thoughts concerning the administration of justice at Vienna? I should for ever have concealed this shameful story, had not the honour of my deceased kinsman required that the world should be informed of the treatment we mutually received. It is now forty years since this happened, and no remuneration has been made; but, should any one read this, who has access to the reigning emperor, it may be possible he will do my children justice. The possessors of the Trenck-estates may, perhaps,

be no longer authorised to enjoy what they cannot be justified in keeping by the laws of Hungary.

Most of the other criminal articles of accusation consisted in Trenck's having beheaded some mutinous pandours, and broken his officers without a court-martial; that he had bought of his soldiers, and melted down the holy vessels of the church, chalices and rosaries; had bastinated some priests; and not heard mass every Sunday, and had violently dragged malefactors from certain convents, in which they had taken refuge.

A partisan commander, of an undisciplined corps, might well be exculpated from similar complaints, and the clamour of the officers, whom he had caned when they retreated to the rear, and skulked from the fire of the enemy, were soon all silenced when the witnesses of Trenck were allowed to appear before the court. — When they were no longer protected, either by Loewenwalde, or Weber, they decamped without beat of drum. They, nevertheless, did not cease to labour, under the auspices of one more powerful than themselves,



selves, to pursue their purpose, which they attained by the aid of the court confessor. This holy monk found means to render the holy Maria Teresa insensible of pity, toward a man who had been so prodigal of his blood in her defence.

Trenck was guilty of another capital error. Elated at the expectation of certain victory, and assured, by his friends among the judges, of being acquitted about Easter, 1748, he caused the history of his life to be printed at Franckfort, in which he not only exposed his former judges, but, by certain phrases, gave those, who were his partisans in the court of revision, reason to suspect that they should also be betrayed, when they were no longer useful. Gerhauer, his advocate, had, in such case, every thing to fear, he having been made the instrument of bribing the members. Gerhauer required the payment of two thousand ducats before the instrument of acquittal should be executed; and the avaricious Trenck, who supposed himself secure, offered him only one hundred. Judgment was, in consequence, delayed. Loewenwalde knew

well to profit by the opportunity. † Gerhauer discovered the whole secret proceedings ; and Loewenwalde, deeply interested in the ruin of Trenck, went to the Empress, related the manner in which the judges had been bribed, and threatened that, should he, through the protection of the emperor and prince Charles, be declared innocent, he would then publicly vindicate the honour of the late court-martial. On this occasion he attempted to bribe me, to discover what the particulars of the contract were between Trenck and his judges ; I despised him, however, too much. Nay, I knew that, in concert with the lieutenant of the police, Mannagetta, he had planned my imprisonment on my first arrival at Vienna, pretending that, Trenck having taken the king of Prussia prisoner, Frederic had sent me to his assistance, and I was private to have been kept in confinement till sentence had been passed on my kinsman. This was discovered by the baron Lopresti, at the very crisis when the artifice of Miss Schwerin was in agitation, and when the whole plan was rendered abortive by the emperor.

When

When I had forsaken my dangerous relation, as I have said in the first volume, and when, fearing his ingratitude, other of his friends, also, had deserted him, among whom was prince Charles himself, the noble company of his accusers had then an open field; his advocate durst speak no more; the revision of his cause was interrupted, and an arret was issued, on the 20th of August, that he should be perpetually confined as a state prisoner in the Spielberg. His property, however, remained in sequestration, nor was he deprived of it, but gave orders, and examined the accounts of his collectors, to the day of his death.

Thus he fell the victim of a covetous and evil heart. His revision judges had stript him of more than fifty thousand rix-dollars, and, at last, fearing detection from him, abandoned him, to secure themselves.

Such are the principal circumstances of the prosecution of Trenck, which once was so much the subject of conversation in Vienna: Many trembled, many profited. Thus it was that I had sorrowful cause to know what judges are.

are. His wretched avarice deterred him from making some trifling sacrifices, thereby to secure the remainder of his fortune, recover his liberty, and attain to the highest honours.

He wished to have escaped from the Spielberg, but this he could not accomplish. Had he followed my plan of flight, which I proposed, when he was confined in the arsenal of Vienna, he would scarcely have died in prison, nor should I have lain fettered in the dungeon of Magdeburg.

Far from inheriting any of the wealth he had amassed during the war, he did not leave me the half of that property which fully reverted to me by right, as his father's heir, and which ought to have remained inviolate, although even the son should have rendered himself guilty of a crime against the state; of no such crime, however, was he guilty.

This history of my life, printed as well at Vienna as at Berlin, with the usual licence and privilege, will remain with my children, in justification of the honour of our name, and as a basis on which they may, now or hereafter, establish their rights in Hungary, when  
times



times and circumstances shall become more favourable. Prescription there cannot have place, for not the laws, but power, illegally exerted, has passed sentence. Whenever the sovereign will permit them to make legal proof, then will they reimburse the unlawful purchasers the original sum paid by them. The court will be no loser, and the present possessors will have enjoyed the revenues of forty years, which amount to some millions of florins. Yes, then will my children become the rightful lords of Pleternitz, Prestowack, Nuftar, Pakratz, and Velika, with more than one hundred-and-thirty villages. Trenck inherited a hundred-and-eighty thousand florins from his father; had opportunities to acquire a million, while I, for my own part, have only inherited from him eighty thousand florins. No proof can be more clear of his having been plundered.

Finding his project of escaping from the Spielberg frustrated, and all hope cut off, this chief of the pandours determined on death. I have before related the manner of this death, that he sent for a confessor,  
and

and informed him that St. Francis had appeared to him, that he dispatched his capuchin confessor to Vienna, and on the morrow said “ God be praised, my departure “ is certain, for my confessor is dead and “ has appeared to me ;” that the confessor actually was dead, that he summoned the officers, shaved his head like a monk, confessed publicly, preached a sermon an hour long, exhorted all his hearers to a holy life, smiled at all earthly good, went to prayers, slept tranquilly, rose the next morning, prayed again, took out his watch about noon, and said, “ Praise be to the Almighty, the “ hour draws nigh ;” that those, who laughed at his impudent imposture, yet were amazed to see his face grow pale ; that he supported his head on his hands, prayed at his table, remained motionless with his eyes open ; that the clock struck twelve, they shook him, but found he was actually dead ; that miracle was then the universal cry, and that St. Francis had descended and carried of the pandour Trenck into paradise. I have said that all this had

been performed by the secret of the poisoned water of Tofana; have further added that the last ambition of Trenck was to rank high in the calendar: that perceiving he could no longer be the richest and first of men, he wished to be the greatest of saints; that he knew he should perform miracles after his death, for he had built a chapel, founded a perpetual mass, and bequeathed six thousand florins to the capuchins\*; that he expired in the thirty-fourth year of his age, after having been the scourge of Bavaria, whose inhabitants will scarcely ever, in their litanies, intreat Saint Trenck to be their mediator at the throne of Grace; that he lived the tyrant and enemy of the human race, and died a holy scoundrel.

I shall terminate this article by frankly speaking without disguise, my thoughts

\* He has been but forty years dead, and has worked miracles in Bremen, which the father guardian relates with uplifted eyes. His body is affirmed still to remain incorruptible.

concerning my cousin, and his fate. With respect to individuals, whom he robbed to enrich himself, innocent men whom he massacred, either to obtain their property, or in the blood thirsty-field of war, and many other worthy people whom he made miserable ; with respect to his own father, aged eighty-four, and his beautiful and virtuous wife, whom he treated with brutal barbarity ; with respect to myself, to the duties of consanguinity, and of man, he merited punishment, the pursuit of the avenging arm of justice, and to be extirpated from all humanity.

Thus considered, his condemnation to the Spielberg was, indeed, most merciful. His name ought eternally to be erased from the annals of the friends of men, and the lovers of virtue. The cruelties he committed are to this hour, daily lamented with tears : and the sighs of the wretched, on whom he had no pity, unceasingly accuse him before the throne of God. His memory, throughout all Bavaria, must ever be held in abhorrence. I almost tempted myself to utter  
male-



maledictions over the ashes of a man who lived for himself alone, insensible to the groans of calamity; who treated friend and enemy with like cruelty, and though I forbear this, still must I for ever lament and curse the woes to which he left me heir. Had he worn a crown he would, perhaps, have been like Cæsar, a conqueror; and like Amurath, a barbarian. Happily for man all tyrants are not kings.

But, with respect to the Austrian Monarchy, and as the hero of the Croats, he merited a mausoleum, the epitaph of gratitude, and the trophies of honour. At least he ought to have been protected by that state, in defence of which he was so loyal, so serviceable, so indefatigable, so daring; whereas, in that very state, he fell the victim of envy, and of the most hateful avarice.

6 DE 66

THE END OF VOL. II.

to  
ne  
d  
I  
nt  
r.  
s,  
nd  
or

n-  
he  
ti-  
At  
by  
fo  
fo  
he  
oft